

Ames Richarde son willm fer

Campe

Kyng Rycharde cuer du lyon.

John Campe



*Cynes
734.*

Kyng R.



712





The prologue.



Norde kynge of glozpe
Suche grace and suche byctozpe
Thou sendest to kynge Rycharde
That neuer was founde coward
It is good to here Iestes
Of his promesse and his conquestes
Many romayns men make newe
Of good knyghtes and of trewe
Of theyr dedes men rede romauns
Bothe in Englonde and in Fraunce
Of Rowlande and of Olyuere
And of euery desepere
Of Alysaunder and of Charlemayne
Of kynge Arthur and of Galwayne
How they were knyghtes good and curtoys
Of Turpyn and of Oger the danoy
Of troye men rede in ryme
What was by olde tyme
Of Hector and of Achylles
What folke they slewe in pzees
In fraunce these rymes were wrought
Euery englyshe ne knewe it nought
Lewde man can frensche none
Of an hondred bnneth one
Neuertheles with gladde chere
yf that ye wyll now here
Hewe Iestes I vnderstonde
Of doughty knyghtes of Englonde
Therfore now I wyll you rede
Of a kynge doughty of dede

Kynge Rycharde was the beste
That is founde in ony Jeste
Now all that here this talkynge
God gyue them good endynge

¶ Here begynneth the hystoꝛye of Kynge Ry-
charde cure du lyon/and fyrst of his byrth.



Ordes harken now befoꝛne
How kynge Rycharde was boꝛne
His fader was cleped kynge Harry
In his tyme lykerly
As I fynde in this sawe
Saynt Thomas was I slawe
At Caunterbury befoꝛe the auter stone
There myꝛacles be done many one
Whan he was. xx. wynter olde
He was a kynge swythe bolde
He wolde no wyfe I vnderstonde
With grete tresour thoughe they her fonde
Neuertheles his barons hym redde
That he graunted them a wyfe to wedde
Hastely he sente his sonde
In to many a dyuers londe
The fayrest woman that was on lyue
They sholde bynge hym to wyue
Messengers be redy dyght
To chyppe they wente that same nyght
And theyr sayle bp they dꝛowe
The wynde them serued well I nowwe
And they came amyddes the see
No wyndes bꝛethe ne had he

Kynge R.



A.ii.

Therfore they were swythe wo
Another Shyppe they encountred tho
Suche ne sawe they neuer none
For it was so gay begone
Euery nayle with golde & graue
Of pure golde was his sklaue
Her mast was of Iuozy
Of samyte her sayle wytly
Her ropes all of whyte iylke
As whyte as euer was ony mylke
The noble Shyppe was without
With clothes of golde spred about
And her losse and her wyndlace
All with golde depaynted was
In the Shyppe there were dyght
Knyghtes and lordes of myght
And a lady therin was
Byght as sonne throue the glas
Her men abrode gan stonde
And becked them with her honde
And prayed them for to dwell
And theyr auentures to tell
They graunted all with skyll
For to tell all her wyll
To dyuerse londes do we wende
For kynge Harry hath vs sende
For to seche hym a quene
The fayrest that myght on erth bene
Up arose a kynge of a chayre
With that worde and spake fayre
The chayre was of carbunkel stone
Suche sawe they neuer none

And other dukes hym besyde
Noble men of moche pryde
And welcomed the messengers euerychone
In to the chyppe they gan gone
Thyrty knyghtes without lye
Forsothe was in that company
In that ryche chyppe they wente
The messengers that were sente
Knyghtes and ladyes came them agayne
Seven scoze as men sayne
And welcomed them at one worde
Clothes of sylke were spred on boorde
The kynge than anone badde
As it is in ryme radde
That his doughter were forth fet
And in a chayre by hym set
Trumpettes began to blowe
She was set in a throwe
With .xx. knyghtes her aboute
And double so many of ladyes stoute
All they began to knele her to
For it was reason so to do
They ete and dranke & were glad
For so the ryche kynge bad
Whan they had done theyr mete
Of auentures they began to speke
The kynge them tolde in his reason
How it came hym in a bysyon
In his lonce that he came fro
In to Englonde for to go
And his doughter that was hym dere
For to wende with hym in fere

Kynge B.



A.iii.

And in this maner we be dyght
Unto your londe to wende ryght
Than answered a messengere
His name was cleped Barnagere
Fetherthyll we seke nought
To my lord she shall be brought
Whan he her with eyen doth se
Full well apayed wyll he be
The wynde rose out of the north west
And serued them with the best
At the toure they gan aryue
To londe the knyghtes wente blyue
The messengers the kynge hath tolde
Of that lady fayre and bolde
There he laye in toure
The lady that was whyte as floure
Kynge Harry gan hym soone dyght
With erles barons and many a knyght
Agenst that lady for to wende
For he was courteys and hende
The damoyzell to londe was ladde
Clothes of golde befoze her spradde
The messengers on eche a syde
And mynstrelles of moche pryde
Kynge Harry lyked her seynge
That fayre lady and her fader the kynge
And sayd to hym ryght so
Ye be welcome all me to
To westmynster they wente in fere
Lords ladies that there were
Trumpettes began for to blowe
To mete they wente in a throuwe

Knyghtes there serued a good spede
Of theyr mete to tell it is no nede
And after mete in hyenge
Speketh Harry our kynge
To the kynge that late in same
Good syr what is your name
My name he sayd is Carbarrynge
Of antyoche I am the kynge
He tolde hym his reason
How hym came in bysyon
Syr he sayd I tell the
I had brought elles moze meyne
Many mo without fayle
And mo shypes with bytaye
Yet asked he that lady bryght
What name my lady ye hyght
Cosodozean without lesynge
Thus answered she the kynge
Damoysell he sayd bryght and chene
Wyll ye dwell and be my quene
She answered with wordes styll
Syr I am at my faders wyll
Her fader graunted swythe sone
At your wyll it shall be done
Hastely that she be wedde
As a quene to a kynges bedde
And prayd hym for his courtesy
It myght be done all pryuely
The spousynge was done that nyght
Therat daunted many a knyght
Moche Joye was them amonge
A preest full soone the masse songe

Kyngge R.

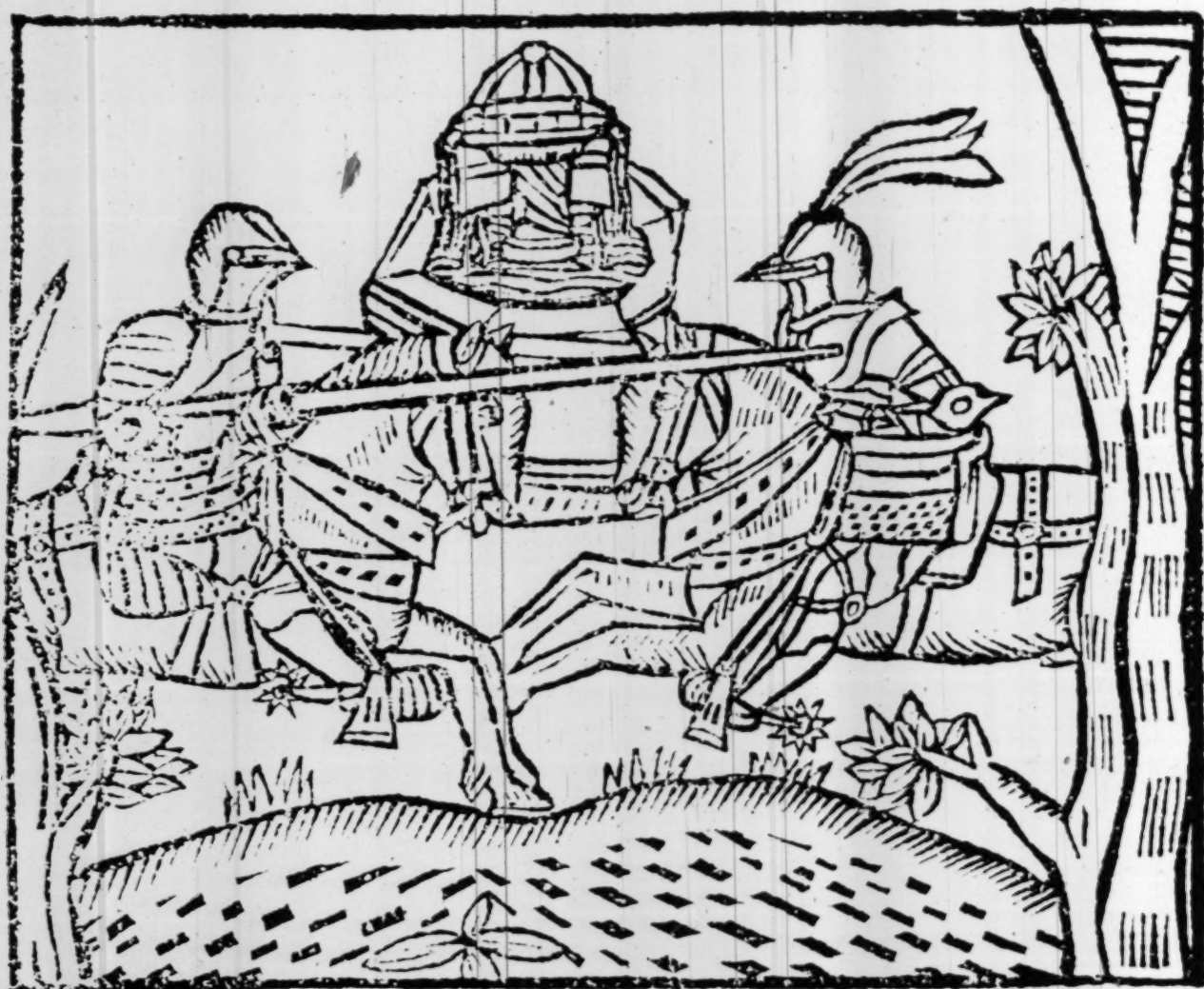


A. liii.

And whan it came to the leuacyowne
In a swounynge she fell downe
The people than her soze a dradde
In to a chambze she was ladde
She sayd for I am thus hent
I dare neuer se the sacrament
Upon the moze her fader toke leue
No lenger wolde he there be leue
The kynge dwelled with his quene
Chyldzen they had them byt'wene
Two sones and a mayd
Forsothe as the boke vs sayd
Rycharde hyght the fyrst Iwys
Wherfore these romayns made is
And Iohan forsothe that other was
And theyr syster hyght Coppelas
Thus they dwelled in fere
Tyll the .xv. yere
Upon a daye befoze the rode
The kynge at his masse stode
There came an erle of grete poste
Syr he sayd how may this be
That my lady the quene
The sacrament dare not sene
Gyue vs leue to do her dwell
Fro the begynnynge of the gospels
Tyll the masse be songe and sayd
And than shall ye se a queynt brayd
The kynge graunted with good wyll
For to holde her with strength styll
Neyther for wele ne for woo
Let her not out of the chyrche goo

And whan the bell began to rynge
The preeſt ſholde make the ſakerynge
Out of the chyrche ſhe wolde awaye
But the erle ſayd ſoone naye
He ſayd lady thou ſhalte abyde
For any thyng that may betyde
She toke her doughter vpon her honde
And Johan her loue ſhe wolde not wonde
Out of the roſe ſhe gan her dyght
Openly before all theyr ſyght
Johan fel frome her in that ſtonde
And brake his thygh on the grounde
And with her doughter ſhe fled her waye
That neuer after ſhe was ſey
The kynge wondred of that thyng
That ſhe made ſuche an endynge
For loue that ſhe was ſerued ſo
Wolde he neuer after come there ne go
He let ordeyne after his endynge
His ſone Rycharde to be kynge
Crowned after kynge Harry
Thus was Rycharde ſykerly
That was in his .xv. yere
He was a man of grete powere
Deedes of armes he gaue hym to
As ſallet? for kynges and knyghtes to do
He waxed ſo ſtronge and ſo wryght
Apenſt hym had no man no myght
In euery ſtede he toke honour
As a noble kynge and conqueroure

How kynge Rycharde made a Juſtynge.



The fyrst yere that he was kynge
At Salysbury he made a Justynge
And commaunded euery man to be there
Bothe with shelde and with spere
Erles and barons euecrychone
At home ne dwelled neuer one
On forseyture on lyfe and londe
For nothyng that they ne wonde
This was cryed I vnderstonde
Thoroughout all Englonde
All was for to loke and se
The knyghtes that best myght be
There they came all at his wyll
His commaundement to fulfyll
The partyes wer: sonder set
Togyder they ran without let

Kynge Rycharde gan hym dysguyse
In a full stronge queyntise
He came out of a balaye
For to se of theyr playe,
As a knyght auenturous
His atyre was orgulous
All togyder cole blacke
Was his hore without lacke
Upon his cresse a rauē stode
That yaned as he were wode
And aboute his necke a bell
Wherfore the reason I shall you tell
The oynge of the rauē is
In trauayll for to be Iwys
Sygnifyaunce of the bell
With holy chyrche to dwell
And them to noy and to greue
That be not in the ryght byleue
He bare a chalte that was grete and stronge
It was fourtene fote longe
And it was grete and stoute
One and twenty inches aboute
The fyrst knyght that he there mette
Full egerly he hym grette
With a dent? amyd the shelde
His hore he bare downe in the felde
And the knyght fell to grounde
Full nye deed in that stounde
The nexte that he mette thare
A grete stroke he hym bare
His forgette with his cornell tho
His necke he brake there a two

His horse and he fell to ground
And dyed bothe in that stounde
Kynge Rycharde gan houe & abyde
Yf ony mo wolde to hym ryde
Trumpettes began for to blowe
Knyghtes Justed in that rowe
Another knyght hardy and good
Sate on a stede rede as blode
He dyde hym arme and well dyght
In all that longed to suche a knyght
A shafte he toke grete and louge
That was so heuy and stronge
And sayd he wolde to hym ryde
Yf he durste hym abyde
Trumpettes began to blowe than
Therby wyste many a man
That they sholde Juste mere
The noble knyghtes that there were
Kynge Rycharde of hym was ware
And a spere to hym he bare
And encountred hym in the felde
He bare awaye halfe his shelde
His pusen therwith gan gone
And also his brandellet bone
His byser and his gorgere
Hym repented that be came there
Kynge Rycharde houted and behelde
And thought to rest hym in the felde
Yf there were ocher knyght or swayne
That wolde moze ryde hym agayne
He sawe there wolde come none
On his waye he gan forth gone

In to a wode out of theyr lyght
And in another tyre he hym dyght
Upon a stede rede as blode
With all the tyre that on hym stode
Horse and shelde armure and man
That no man sholde knowe hym than
Upon his creste a rede hounde
The tayle henge to the grounde
That was sygnifycacyon
The hethen folke to brynge downe
Them to flee for goddes loue
And crysten men to brynge aboue
Styll he howed and bode yore
To them he thought to ryde more
He rode the thronge all aboute
He helde within and withoute
A baron he sawe hym besyde
Toward hym he gan ryde
To a squyer he toke his spere
To hym he wolde it not bere
Forth he toke a mansell
A stroke he thought to be set well
On his helme that was so stronge
Of that dente the fyre out spronge
The baron turned hym asyde
And sayd felowe forth thou ryde
With thy speres go and playe
Come no more here I the praye
And sykerly yf thou do
Thou shalte haue a knocke or two
Kynge Rycharde wondred in his thought
That he set his stroke at nought

And came agayne by another waye
And thought to make a better paye
In his styrope vp he stode
And smote to hym with fre full mode
He set his stroke on his yron hat
But that other in his sadell sat
Hastely without wordes mo
His mase he toke in his honde tho
That was made of yotyn bras
He wondred who that it was
Suche a stroke he hym lente
That Rycharde feet out of his steropes wente
For plate ne for arketton
For halberke ne for campeson
Suche a stroke he neuer had none ore
That dyde hym halfe so moche soze
Full swythe awaye he gan ryde
Out of the pces there besyde
To hym selfe he sayd tho
Of suche strokes kepe I no mo
He wente adowne to a well
And with his helme dranke his fell
And he watred his stede also
In the thyrde atyre he let hym do
All his atyre whyte as mylke
His croper was of sylke
Upon his shulder a crosse rede
That betokeneth goddes dede
With his enemyes for to fyght
To wyne the crosse yf that he myght
Upon his heed a doue whyte
Sygnyfycacyon of the holy spyryte

To be bolde to wynde the pryse
And dystroie goddes enemyes
To the kynge Rycharde gan hym dyght
Than another noble knyght
Fouke Doly was his name
The kynge hym loued for his fame
To hym a stroke he dyght
Well to paye with all his myght
He smote hym on his bassenet
A grete Dente without let
It swounded to his cheke bone
Syr Fouke bad hym forth gone
That he no lenger abyde
In auenture yf ony stroke betyde
The kynge sawe he felte no soze
And thought to gyue hym moze
And another stroke he hym brayde
His mase vpon his heed he layde
With good wyll that stroke he set
The baron thought he wolde hym let
And with his heuy mase of stele
There he gaue the kynge his dele
That his helme all to roue
And he ouer his sadell droue
And his steropes he forbare
Suche a stroke had he neuer are
He was so astonyed of that Dente
That nye he had his lyfe lente
And for that stroke that hym was gyuen
He ne wylt whether it was daye or euen
Tho he recouered of his swowe
To his palays he hym drowe

Than he commaunded hastely
Herodes for to make crye
And euery man for to wende
Home to his owne frende
The kynge anone a messengere
Full pryncely he sente there
To syr Thomas of multon
That was a noble baron
And to syr Fouke Dely
That they come to hym on hye
Let them not dwell in no manere
Bydde them come bothe in fere
The messengers therewith wente
And sayd the kynge after them sente
Swythe for to come hym to
Without delaye that it be do
The knyghtes hyed and were blythe
To the kynge they wente swythe
And hendly they hym grette
And he them toke and by hym sette
And sayd to them wordes free
Welcome be ye now to me
In eyther honde he toke one
And in to a chambze they gone
Quod Rycharde swete frendes twayne
Tell me the sothe If you praye
What knyghtes that rode best cours
Of this Justes paramours
And whiche coude best his crafte
For to demene well his shafte
With dentes for to fell his foos
Whiche of them wan the loos

And who styffest tymbre brake
Quod Thomas one in a tyre blake
Came pryckynge ouer falowe and felde
All that there was hym behelde
How he rode as he were wode
A come he hounded and withstode
On his creste a rauen swarte
And he ne helde with neyther parte
A shafte he bare styfe and stronge
Fourtene fote it was longe
It was bothe styffe and stoute
Anone he asked all the route
Yf ony durst come and proue
A cours for his lemmans loue
With a knyght of auenturous here
A yonge knyght a Joly bachelere
Hente a shafte and stede bestrode
To the auenturous knyght he rode
The auenturous with hym met
Suche a stroke on his shelde he set
That horse and man ouerthrewe
There was no wyght that hym knewe
Trompettes yede herodes gaderynge
All the other knyghtes of hym had dzedynge
To Juste with hym este with launce
The auenturous betyde so fayre chaunce
An hardy knyght stoute and sauage
Hente a shafte with stronge rage
Now hath he one of oures felde
Worth we neuer for men telde
Syth he hath done vs that dyspyte
Yf he agayne passe quyte

Kynge R.



B.t.

That fyrste he haue no knocke
He prycked forth fro all the flocke
With a shafte stoute and square
Amydde the cours than met they thare
The auenturous smote his shelde amydde
A wonders case our knyght betydde
The auenturous felde hym with Ire
Downe of his stede and brake his wyre
The thre knyghtes to speke began
This is the deuyll and no man
That our folke felleth and sleeth
Tyde me lyfe tyde me deeth
I shall mete hym yf I may
The auenturous knyght with grete derap
So harde to our knyght he droue
His shelde in two peces he cloue
His shulder with his shafte he brake
And bare hym ouer his horse backe
That he fell downe and brake his arme
He dyde hym no moze harme
The auenturous tho tourned ayene
And houted styll for to lene
Who wolde Iuste with hym moze
Of hym they were adradde full soze
No man durste Iuste with hym este
Leste he them theyr lyfe berefte
Whan he sawe there came no mo
He rode agayne there he came fro
After the blacke another came
All the folke gaue hym good name
His horse and his atyre was rede
He semed well to be a quede

A rede hounde on his helme aboue
He came to seche and to proue
Yf ony knyght Juste with hym dare
Of no man tho was he ware
That hym made chalenge
He rode downe tho by the reinge
The deuyll hym hange where euer he be
I wote not what hym ayled at me
His shafte tho his squyre he toke
And behelde me with a grym loke
And smote me so with his mase
He had be Ihesu crystes grace
My wyfe had gone awaye
I bad hym ryde forth his waye
And dele with foles as his selfe was
Agayne he came by another pas
And gaue me a worse buffate
But styll in my sadell I late
Than sayd many a moders sone
Alas syr Thomas of multone
That is smyten without skyll
By mase I hente with good wyll
And smote hym that all foikes saye
Downe of his horse withouten naye
Whan I had hym a stroke set
And wolde haue blyssed hym bet
No mo strokes wolde he abyde
But awaye soone he gan ryde
Whan multon had his tale tolde
Syr Fouke doly a baron bolde
Sayd to kynge Rycharde
The thyrde there came soone afterwarde

Kynge R.



B.ii.

His atyre was whyte as snowe
Therof many one there lowe
In his chelde a crosse rede as blode
A whyte doue on his helme stode
He houed styll and behelde vs yerne
yf there were ony knyght so sterne
So hardy a man and stronge of bones
That durst Iuste with hym ones
There was none so stoute ne grym
That durst Iuste ones with hym
Downe by the reinge he wente faste
To me he came at the laste
Forlothe syr kynge quod Fouke than
I wende he had ben a synple man
With his mase on my bassenet
A stroke vpon my helme he set
With wrathe stronge and eger mayne
That nygh all astroyed was my brayne
I spake to hym wordes fewe
And badde hym ryde worth wood shrewe
And playe with them that be thy pere
yf thou come ofte in this manere
For to be wyle I shall the teche
Este he came agayne to seche
A worse stroke he gaue me tho
And my mase I drewe me to
And a stroke I hym set
Euen vpon his bassenet
That bothe his styropes he lese
And he hyed hym faste cut of the prese
Home towarde the wodde bowe
Kynge Rycharde late and faste lowe

And sayd frendes sykerly
Take it not in grete for it was I
Whan ye were gadred in fere
Auenturous I came in this manere
Who was strongest you to assaye
And who that coude best strokes paye
Lordes he sayd wote ye ought
What I haue ordeyned in thought
The holy londe to wende to
We thre without ony mo
All in palmers guyle
The holy londe to deuyle
To me I wolde that ye were sworne
No man to knowe it that is bozne
Neyther for wele ne for woo
Tyll that we be come and goo
They graunted hym his askyng
Without ony withsayenge
With hym to lyue and to dye
Lettyng for loue ne for enuye
On the boke they layde theyr honde
To that forwarde for to stonde
Tho they asked all thre
Trewes sworne for to be
Trompettes blewe and made crye
To mete they wente hastely
And on the .xii. daye at ende
They were redy for to wende
With pycke and with clauayne
As palmers or panayne

How kynge Rycharde toke Chyppynge.

Kyng R.



B.iii.



When they dyght them full yare
 These thre knyghtes for to fare
 They set vp sayle þy wynde was good
 And sayled ouer the salte flood
 In to flaunders as I you saye
 Kyngge Rycharde and his feres twaye
 Forth they wente with gladde chere
 Thozugh many londes farre and nere
 Tyll they came to blaundyng
 That is a coste of moche pryse
 A noble shyppe they founde thare
 Ouer the see for to fare

The sayle was reysed in the shyppe stronge
And in the see they were longe
There they dwelled forty dayes
For to lerne the londes layes
Syth they dyde them to the see
Towarde Acris that ryche cyte
And so forth to masydoyne
And to the cyte of Babyloyn
And so forth to sylare
Of nympue they were ware
And also of Iherusalem
And to the cyte of bedleem
And to the cyte of gandon turry
And also to obedy
And to the castell of orgulous
And to the cyte of apparylous
To Jasse and to saffrayne
To byght and to betayne
Thus they vysyted the holy londe
How they myght it wyne to theyr honde
And syth homewarde they them dyght
To englonde with all theyr myght
Whan they had passed the grekes see
In almayne the palmers thre
There they wrought o: they thens myght goo
That tourned them to moche woo
I shall you tell in what manere
Now harken all that ben here
Agoo they dyght to theyr dynere
In a tauerne there they were
Kyng Rycharde the fyre fet
And Thomas to the spytte hym set

Kyng R.



B.iii.

Fouke doly made the bose
Full dere bought they the gose
And as they were etynge theyr fyll
Anone there came in a mynstrell
And sayd good men sykerly
Wyll ye haue ony mynstrelly
Kynge Rycharde bad hym thens go
That tourned them to moche wo
The mynstrell toke that in mynde
And thought that they were vnkynde
And yf I may they shall forthynke
For they bad me neyther ete ne drynke
For gentylles sholde bydden
To glee men that aboute yeden
Of theyr mete wyne or ale
For lose ryseth of mynstrale
They were englyshe well he knewe
By speche and syght hyde and hewe
For he wente in that tyde
To a castell there besyde
And tolde the kynge all and some
That thre men were to the cyte come
Stronge men bolde and fere
In the worlde is not theyr pere
Kynke Rycharde of englonde was the one man
Fouke doly was that other than
The thyrde Thomas of Gulton
Noble knyghtes of renowne
In palmers wede they be dyght
That no man sholde knowe them ryght
To hym sayd the kynge I wys
That thou haste yf it lothe is

Thou shalt haue thy waryfowne
And chose thy selfe a ryche towne
The kynge comaūded his knyghtes
To arme them in all myghtes
And go and take them all thre
And swythe brynge them to me
Forth wente the knyghtes in fere
And toke the palmers at theyr dynere
They were brought before the kynge
And he asked them in hyenge
Palmers he sayd whens be ye
Of Englonde they sayd we be
What hyght thou salowe sayd the kynge
Rycharde he sayd without lesynge
What hyght thou he sayd to the elder man
Fouke Doly he answered than
And what thou he sayd gray here
Thomas of multon he sayd there
The kynge asked them all thre
What they dyde in his countre
I saye you without lyes
Ye seme well to be spyes
Ye haue sene my londe vp and downe
I trowe ye thynke me some treasowne
For as moche as thou syr kynge 7
And thy barons without lesynge
Seme not to be thus dyght
Therfore ye shall with law & ryght
Ben uot in a stronge pryson
For ye thynke to do me treason
Kynge Rycharde sayd so mote I the
Thou doest vnyght thynketh me

Kynge R.



C.i.

Palmeris that gone by the waye
Them to pryson nyght or daye
Syr kynge for thy courtesy
Do vs palmeris no bylony
For his loue that we haue songht
Let vs go and greue vs nought
For auentures that may betyde
In straunge londes where thou ryde
The kynge commaunded anone
In to pryson them to done
The porter I vnderstonde
Toke Rycharde by the honde
And his felawes with hym tyte
Lenger had they no respyte
Tyll that other daye at pryme
The kynges sone came in euyll tyme
Wardrewe was his name
He was a knyght of grete fame
He was grete stronge and fere
In that londe was not his pere
Porter he sayd I praye the
Thy prysoners lette me see
The porter sayd all at your wyll
Erly or late loude or styll
He brought them forth all thre
Rycharde for mest tho came he
Wardrewe spake to hym than
Arte thou Rycharde the stronge man
As men saye in eche londe
Darste thou stonde a buffet of my honde
And to morowe I gyue the leue
Suche another me to gyue

Anone kynge Rycharde
Graunted to that forwarde
The kynges sone fyers and proute
Gaue Rycharde an eere cloute
The fyre out of his eyen spronge
Rycharde thought he dyde hym wronge
And sware his othe by saynt Martyn
To morowe I shall paye myn
The kynges sone with good wyll
Badde they sholde haue theyr fyll
Bothe of drynke and eke of mete
The best that they wolde ete
That they myght not a wyte
For feblenes his dente to smyte
And in to bedde he brought to reste
To quyte his that he be preste
The kynges sone was curteise
That nyght he made hym well at ease
On the morowe whan it was daye
Rycharde rose as I you saye
Waxe he toke clere and bryght
And sone a fyre he hym dyght
And wexed his hondes by the fyre
Querthwarde and endlonge be you sure
A strawes brede thicke and more
For he thought to smyte soze
With his honde he hath tyght
To make a payne that he hath hyght
The kynges sone came in than
To holde forwarde as a trewe man
And befoze Rycharde he stode
And spake to hym with fre full mode

Kynge R.



C.ii.

Smyte he sayd with thy myght
Thou hast I fared well this nyght
And yf I stope oz felde
Kepe me neuer to bere shelde
Under his cheke Rycharde his honde layde
He that it sawe the sothe sayd
Fleshe and skynne awaye he tare
That he fell downe in grete care
He all to brake his cheke bone
That he was deed as ony stone
A knyght sterte to the kynge
And tolde hym that tydynge
That Rycharde had his sone sloo
Alas he sayd how shall I doo
With that worde he fell to grounde
As a man that was in wo bounde
He foundred and lost his fete
Knyghtes toke hym vp without lete
And sayd syr let be thy thought
Now it is it done helpeth nought
The kynge spake wordes on hys
To the knyghtes that stode hym bye
Tell me swythe of this cas
In what maner that it done was
Styll they stode everychone
For sorowe myght they tell none
With that noyse came the quene
Alas she sayd how may this bene
Why is this sorowe and this fars
Who hath brought you in care
Dane he sayd wotest thou nought
Thy fayre sone to deth is brought

Syth I was bozne to man
Suche sorowe had neuer woman
All my Joye is tourned to woo
For sorowe I wolde my selfe cloo
Whan the quene understode
For grete care she waxed ny wode
Her kerchers she drew and heer also
Alas she sayd what shall I do
She cratched her selfe in the bylage
As a woman that was in a rage
She fomed all on blode
And rente her robe that she in stode
And sayd alas that I was bozne
That thus my sone haue forlozne
Lorde she sayd how may this be
These knyghtes he sayd tolde it me
Now tell the sothe the kynge sayd than
In what maner saye ye this dede began
And but ye the sothe sey
An euill deth shall ye dey
The knyghtes called the Jaylor
And badde he sholde stonde nere
To bere wytnes of that sawe
In what maner he was slawe
The Jaylor sayd yesterdaye at pryme
Your sone came in an euill tyme
To the pryson doze to me
And the palmers he wolde se
And I fet them forth anone
Rycharde forrest gau gone
Wardewe asked without let
If he wolde stonde hym a buffet

Kynge R.



C.iii.

And he hym wolde another stonde
As he was trewe knyght in londe
Rycharde sayd by this lyght
Smyte on with all thy myght
Rycharde had suche a stroke of Wardewe
That full nygh he hym ouerthrewe
Rycharde he sayd now bydde I the
To morowe another thou gyue me
They departed in this wyse
On the morowe Rycharde began to ryle
And your sone anone came
And Rycharde ayenst hym name
As couenaunt was bytweene them twayne
Rycharde smote the sothe to sayne
Euen all a two his cheke bone
That he fell deed as ony stone
And as I am sworne to you here
Thus it was in this manere
The kynge sayd with eger wyll
In pryson they shall be styll
And fetters vpon theyr fete feste
For this dede done bndreste
And for he hath my sone slawe
He shall dye by ryght lawe
The Jaylor yede as he was sent
To do the kynges comaundement
That daye ete they no mete
Nor no drynke myght they gete
The kynges doughter laye in her boure
With ladyes and maydens of honoure
Margery her name hyght
She loked Rycharde with all her myght

At the mydde daye befoze the none
 To the pryson she wente soone
 With her wente maydens thre
 Porter she sayd let me se
 The prysoners hastely
 Blythly he sayd sykerly
 He brought them forth anone ryght
 Fayre they grette that lady bryght
 And sayd to her with herte fre
 With vs lady what wyl ye
 Whan she sawe Rycharde with her eyen two
 Her loue she caste vpon hym tho
 She sayd Rycharde saue god aboue
 Of all thynges moost I the loue
 Alas quod Rycharde in that stounde
 With wronge I am brought to grounde
 A poore prysoner as ye may se
 What may my loue do to the
 This is the thyrde daye agone
 That mete nor drynke had I none
 The lady had of hym pyte
 Certes it shall amended be
 She commaunded the Taylere
 Mete and drynke to fetch them there
 And the Irons frome them take
 I praye the for my sake

Of the loue bytweene þ kynges doughter and
 kyng Rycharde/and after how that kyng Ry-
 charde slewe a lyon/and how he ete the herte of
 the lyon all rawe/wherfoze he hadde the name/
 stronge kyng Rycharde cure de lyon

Kyng R.



C.iiij.



And after souper in the euenynge
To my chambze thou Rycharde brynge
In the tyre of a squyere
My selfe I shall kepe hym there
By Ihesu cryst and by saynt Symon
Thou shalte haue thy waryson
The Jayler forgate it nought
To her chambze he hym brought
With that mayde he dwelled styll
And played with her his wyl
Tyll the seuenth daye sykerly
He yede and came pryuely
He was aspyed of a knyght
That to the chambze he came ryght
Pryuely he tolde the kynge
That forlayne was his doughter yinge

The kynge asked hym soone
Who hath he sayd that dede done
Rycharde he sayd that traytour
He hath done you the dyshonour
Syr he sayd by my crystendome
I sawe whan he wente and come
The kynge in herte syghed soze
To hym spake he tho no moze
But swythe without fayle
Sente after his counsaile
Erles and barons and wyse clerkes
For to counseyll hym of his werkes
The messengers gan forth gone
His counseylours came anone
By that it was the .xiii. daye
They were come as I you saye
All at ones they grette the kynge
Sothe to saye without leynge
He sayd lordes welcome be ye all
He wente forthin to the hall
Amonge them the kynge hym set
I shall you tell without let
Why I haue after you sente
To gyue a traytour Jugement
That hath done grete treason,
Kynge Rycharde that is in my pryson
All he them tolde in his sawe
How he had his sone I sawe
And he were deed than were I fayne
For he shall neuer home agayne
And now it is ordeyned so
Men shall no kynge to deth do

To hym spake a bolde baron
How came kynge Rycharde in your pryson
He is holden so noble a kynge
To hym dare no man do thynge
The kynge tolde hym in all wyse
How he hym founde and in what guyle
And with hym other two barons
Noble men of grete renoun
I toke them throughe suspencion
In this maner to my pryson
He toke leue of them euerychone
In to a chambze he bad them gone
For to take theyr counsaile
That them myght best auayle
In theyr speche they dwelled thore
Two dayes and sondele more
And stroue as they were wode
With grete errour & with grete mode
Some wolde hym hange and drawe
And some sayd it was no lawe
On this maner to flee a kynge
They ne myght accorde for no thynge
The wysest sayd verament
We wyll gyue hym no Iugement
Thus answered they the kynge
Syr greue you no thynge
For syr Eldrede forsothe I wys
He can you tell what best is
For he is a wyse man of rede
That many a man hath dampned to dede
The kynge badde without lette
That he were before hym fet te

He was brought before the kynge
The whiche hym asked at his comynge
Canst thou me tell in what manere
On Rycharde that I auenged were.
He answered I tell the
Theron I must auyle me
Ye wote well it is no lawe
A kynge to hange ne to drawe
Therfore do by my reason
Hastely take your lyon
And with holde hym in his mete
Thre dayes that he none ete
And Rycharde in a chambze do
And put the lyon than hym to
In this maner he shall be slawe
Than doost thou not ayenst the lawe
The lyon there shall hym slao
Than arte thou awreked of thy foo
The mayde aspyed of that reasone
And than bethought her soone
And after hym soone she sent
To warne hym of that Iugement
Whan he to her chambze came than
Welcome she sayd my lemmen
My lord hath ordeyned thozugh rede
The thyrde daye thou shalte be dede
In to a chambze thou shalte be do
And a lyon shall be put the to
That shall haue hunger soze
Than wote I well thou lyuest no moze
But swete lemmen sayd she thare
Let vs out of this londe fare

With golde and syluer & moche mony
I nought to spende than haue I
Rycharde sayd I vnderstonde
That were ayenst the lawe of londe
Awayne to wende without leue
The kynge I wyll not so greue
Of the lyon gyue I nought
Hym to flee haue I thought
By pryme vpon the thyrde daye
I wyll haue his herte to praye
Kerchers he asked of sylke
Fourtyn cles as whyte as mylke
In to the pryson ye them brynge
A lytell befoze the euenynge
Whan it to the tyme came
The mayde to pryson the way name
And with her a noble knyght
Theyr souper was redy dyght
Rycharde and his tway fere
Had y nought to theyr soupere
And the porter also
She bad he sholde so do
That nyght they were glad ynowe
Euery man syth to chambze drowe
And Rycharde and that swete wyght
Togyder dwelled all that nyght
And on the morowe whan it was daye
Rycharde badde her to wende awayne
Maye she sayd by god aboue
I shall here dye for thy loue
Ryght now here I wyll abyde
Though I holde to deth betyde

Certes hens wyll I not wende
I shall take the grace that god wyll sende
Rycharde sayd fayre lady free
But thou wende soone frome mee
Thou shalte me greue soze
That I shall loue the no moze
There ayeust she sayd naye
Lemman haue now good daye
God that dyed on the tre
Saue the yf his wyll be
The keuerthes he toke on honde
And aboute his arme he wonde
And thought in that ylike whyle
To flee the lyon with some gyle
And synge in a kyrtell he stode
And abode the lyon fyers and wode
With that came the Jaylor
And other men that with hym were
And the lyon them amonge
His pawes were styffe and stronge
The chambze doze they vndone
And the lyon to hym is gone
Rycharde sayd helpe lord Jhesu
The lyon made to hym venu
And wolde hym haue all to rente
Kynge Rycharde belyde hym glente
The lyon on the breste hym spurned
That aboute he tourned
The lyon was hongry and megre
And bette his taylor to be egre
He loked aboute as he were madde
Abode he all his pawes spradde

He cryed lowde and yaned wyde
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was best and to hym sterte
In at the throte his honde he gette.
And hente out the herte with his honde
Lounge and all that he there fonde
The lyon fell deed to the grounde
Rycharde felte no wem ne wounde
He fell on his knees in that place
And thanked Ihesu of his grace
That hym kepte frome Chanie and harme
He toke the herte also warne
And brought it forth in the hall
Befoze the kynge and his lordes all
The kynge at mete late at the dese
The cries barons proude in prese
The salte on the table stode
Kynge Rycharde thyrste out all the blode
And wette the herte in the salte
The kynge and his men hym behalte
Without brede he it gan ete
The kynge wondred and began to speke
I wys as I vnderstonde can
This his the deuyll and no man
He hath my stronge lyon slawe
The herte out of the body drawe
And hath it eten with good wyll
He may be called with good skyll
Crysten kynge moost of renoune
Stronge Rycharde cure delyoune

How kynge Rycharde sente for his raunson



Now of this lette we be
 And of the kynge speke we
 In care & mournynge ledeth his lyfe
 And ofte calleth hymselfe caytife
 And cursed the tyme & he was bozne
 For his sone hath he forlozne
 And his doughter is forlayne
 And this his lyon is thus slayne
 Erles and barons came hym to
 And the quene dyde also
 And asked what he was
 Ye wote he sayd all the cas
 Why that I am in sorowe this houre
 For Rycharde that stronge traytoure
 He hath wrought me so moche woo
 And I ne may hym to deth doo
 Therfore I wyll at this sake
 Raunson for his body take

For my doughter that is I shente
Ayenst the estate of sacramente
Of euery chyrche that prestes in synge
And matyns synge and belles ryng
There that two chalys be
That one shall be brought to me
Yf there be more than two
The halfe dele shall come me to
Whan I am serued of that fe
Than shall Rycharde delyuered be
And my doughter for her outrage
Shall for goo her herytage
Thus he sayd it shall be do
The barons graunted all therto
Kyng Rycharde they after sente
For to here theyr ordaynement
Whan he came in to the hall
He grete the kyng and his men all
The kyng sayd verament
We haue loked your Iugement
That thou shalte paye raunsones
For the and for thy barones
Of euery chyrche in thy londe
Thou shalte do come to my honde
There that two chalys in be
That one shall be brought to me
And yf there be more than two
The halfe dele shall be brought me to
Thozugh thy londe wyte it wele
I wyll haue the halfe dele
And whan thou haste made thy paye
I gyue the leue to wende thy waye

And my doughter with the also
That agayne I se her neuer mo
Kynge Rycharde sayd as thou hast tolde
To that forwarde I me holde
Kynge Rycharde curteys and hende
Sayd who shall for my raunson wende
To Englonde to my chauncelere
That my raunson payed were
Who that it dooth without fayle
I shall hym quyte for his trauayle
Up there sterte an hende knyght
Thy message I wyll do full ryght
The kynge dyde a letter wyte
A good clerke dyde it endyte
And made there in mencyon
Lesse and moze of that raunson
Grete well as I you saye
Myne archebyschoppes twaye
And so ye do my chauncelere
To serue this letter in all manere
For no thyng that they ne fayle
Sykerly it shall them auayle
His seale theron he hath set
The knyght it toke without let
He dyght hym and made hym yare
In to Englonde for to fare
Whan he was ouer the se brought
To go his way forgate he nought
To London he yede anone
There he founde them euerychone
He toke the letter as I you saye
To the archebyschoppes twaye

Kynge R.



D.i.

And bad them to do it rede
For it is sente for grete nede
The chaunceler the seale brake
Soone they wylste what it spake
The letter was rede amonge them all
What therof sholde befall
How kynge Rycharde with treason
In almayne dwelled for raunson
The kynges sone he hath slayne
And his doubhter eke forlayne
And also slayne his lyone
All these armes hath he done
They made clerkes for to wende
To euery chyrche fayre and hende
Hastely that it were spedde
And the treasour to hym ledde
Messenager now sayd he
Thou shalte dwell and haue with the
Fyue byschoppes to ryde the by
And fyue barons sykerly
And other folke ynough with the
In vs no defaute shall be
Of euery chyrche lesse and more
They gadered that treasoze
And ouer the see they wente
For to make that fayre presente
And whan they came the cyte to
The kynge there they founde tho
And sayd as they were bethought
Syr thy raunson is hyther brought
Take it all at your wyll
Let go these men as it is skyll

The kynge sayd I gyue them leue
I shall them no more greue
And toke his doughter by the honde
And bad her swythe boyde the londe
The quene sawe what wolde fall
Her doughter to her she gan call
And sayd thou shalt dwell with me
Tyll Rycharde sende after the
As a kynge dooth after his quene
Thus I rede that it bene
Kynge Rycharde and his feres twaye
To Englonde toke theyr waye
Now they be come to Englonde
Blessyd be Jhesu crystes sonde
He wente to London to that cyte
His erles and his barons fre
Thanked god of his good grace
That theyr kynge was in that place
His two feres wente ryght soone home
Theyr frendes were glad that they come
They bathed theyr bodyes that were soze
For trauayll that they had had before
Thus they dwelled halfe a yere
Amonge theyr frendes of grete powere
Tyll they were able for to stonde
The kynge commaunded thozugh the londe
At London to make a parlyament
Of his conyns and lordes gent
As they wolde saue theyr lyfe
Or theyr chyldren or theyr wyfe
To London to his sommon
Came bysshoppes erles & many a baron

Kynge R.



D.ii.

Abbottes pꝑours knyghtes & squyers
Burgeyles and many bachelers
All the best of his londe
The kynges heste to vnderstonde
Befoze that tyme the grete countre
That was befoze the grekes see
Accrys and surrey and many londcs
Were in crysten mennes hondcs
And the countre of Bedleem
And also Iherusalem
And Nazareth and Jeryco
And all Galyce thereto
Eccry palmer and pylgryme
That wolde theder go that tyme
Myght passe with good entente
Without raunson oz ony rente
Otheꝛ of syluer oz of golde
To eueꝛy stede where they wolde
Founde he no man to myslayne
Neȝther no hondcs on hym layne
Of surrey londe the duke myllon
Was loꝛde in that stounde a bolde baron
Maugre the sowdan the londe he helde
And kepte it well with spere and shelde
He and the doughty erle Reynawte
Full ofte gaue hym harde assawte
And full ofte in batayll
Slewe his knyghtes and peowtayll
Of sarasynes that myslayned
The sowdan therof was agreued
Now harken of a treason stronge
Of the erle Roys was them amonge

To whome the Duke myllon trust mekle
And he was a traytour false and fekle
The sowdan styll to hym sente
And he asked hym londes and rente
The crysten hoost to betraye
Who he hath wonne hym to paye
Of golde many a thousande pounde
And he graunted hym that stounde
Another traytour Markes feraunt
He wylste also of that couenaunt
And after his crystendome forsoke
And to the deuyll hym betoke
And thozugh treason of the erle Roys
Surrey was lozne and the holy croys
The dukes rewarde was hewe smale
All to peces sayth our tale
The Duke myllon was full lyfe
He fledde out of the londe with his wyfe
He was erle of surrey londe
Kynge bardewyns sone I vnderstonde
That no man wylste neuer sythe
Where he became ne in what kythe
So this losse and this pyte
Spronge in to all crystente
An holy pope that hyght Urban
Sente to all crystendome than
And alloyled them of theyr synne
And gaue them paradysse to wyne
All that wyl theder gone
To wreke Ihesu of his sone
The kynge of fraunce without fayle
Theder wente with moche bytayle

Kynge R.



D.iii.

The duke of bloys the duke of burgon
The duke of estriche the duke of fussion
And also the Emperour of almayne
And many good knyghtes of byrtayne
The erle of flaunders the erle of babelyne
The erle of arceys the erle of Colyne
Moche folke wente theder befoze
That nygh had theyr lyues loze
With grete warre and hunger harde
As ye may here afterwarde
In haruest after the natyvyte
Kynge Rycharde with grete solemnyte
At westmynster he helde a noble feste
With byschoppes and barons honeste
Abbottes pypours and swynes stronge
After mete yede them amonge
Kynge Rycharde stode vp and gan sayne
My selfe frendes wyll you sayne
Be in pease and harken vnto my tale
Erles barons grete and smaile
Byschops abbotte lewde and lerned
All crystendome may be afered
The pope Urban hath vs sente
By bull and by comaundement
How the sowdan hath fyght begon
The towne of Acris is I won
Thozugh the erle Roys trechery
All the kyngdome of surry
Iherusalem and the crosse is lozne
And bedleem there Ihesu was bozne
Crysten knyghtes be hanged and drawe
The sarasynes hath them all slawe

Crysten men wyfe and grome
Therfoze my lozde pope of Rome
Is soze agreued and anoyed
That crystendome is so dystroyed
All crystendome he hath sente and bod
And byddeth them in the name of god
To wende theder with grete hoost
For to fell the sarasynes boost
Wherfoze I haue mente
To wende theder with swerdes dente
To wyne the crosse and gete the lose
Frendes what is your purpose
Wyll ye wende saye ye oz nay
Erle baron knyght and all that may
They sayd we ben at one accorde
With the to wende Rycharde our lozde
Quod Rycharde frendes gramercy
It is our honour lysteneth why
The kynge of fraunce is wente forth
Byden este and weste south and north
Thozugh Englende we wyll do crye
And make a playne treasourye
Moche folke the crosse haue nome
And to kynge Rycharde ben come
On hore and on fote well apparaylled
Thre hondred chyppes well bytaylled
Hawberkes swerdes and knyues
Thyrtty chyppes laden benlyues
Of tembre grete and sheldes longe
He let make a toure stronge
That queynte engyners made
Therwith thre chyppes were lade

Kynge R.



D. iii.

Another shyppe was laden yet
With a gynne that bryght robynet
With Rycharde a mangel
With all the takell that therto fell
Whan they were dyght and rare
Out of the heuen for to fare
Jhesu them sente wynde so goode
To bere them ouer the salte flood
Kynge Rycharde sayd to his Chypmen
Frendes do as I you ken
And mayster Alyn trenchmere
Where that ye come ferre and nere
And ye mete by the see stronde
Shyppes of ony other londe
Crysten men on lyue and lymme
Loke that ye no good benymme
And yf ye the sarasyns mete
Loke on lyue that ye none lete
Catell doxmonde or galaye
Also I gyue it to your praye
But at the cyte of marple
There ye must abyde a whyle
By cable and auncker there to ryde
Me and myn hoost there to abyde
For I and my knyghtes and eke swayne
Wyll wende thozugh out all almayne
To speke with Medarde the kynge
To wote why and for what thyng
That he me in his pryson helde
And but he my tresour agayne yelde
That he toke of me with falschede
I shall acquyte hym his mede

Now thynketh Rycharde as I wene
O he fether goth auenged to bene
Thus kynge Rycharde as ye may here
Became goddes palmere
Avenst his eneniys
The archebysshop syr bawdemys
Befoze wente with knyghtes fyue
By bourdes and by constantpue
At the last there afterwarde
Came the doughty kynge Rychrde
Kynge Rycharde called his Justyle
Lo ye do at my deuyse
My londe kepe with skyll and lawe
Craytours loke ye hange and drawe
In my stede shall ye be here
The bysshop of Yorke my chauncelere
I wyll it be at his wyll
To werke after ryght and skyll
That I here after here no stryfe
As ye wyll saue my lyfe
And in name of god almyght
I bydde you rule the pooze a ryght
There they helde vp theyr honde
With ryght to rule all Englonde
The bysshop them gaue his blessinge
And bad for them in chyrche to synge
And prayed Ihesu cryste hym spede
In heuen to quyte hym his mede
Thre hoostes kynge Rycharde let make
To hethenelle for goddes sake
In the forimest warde he wolde be
With hardy men of grete poste

Kynge R.



E.i.

That other ledeth fouke doly
Thomas the thyrde certaynly
And euery hoost gan wich hym lede
Fourty thousande good at nede
None therin but men of myght
That were proude in warre to fyght
Whan they were passed the se
Sone he deled his hoost in thre
For he wolde not the folke anoye
Ne theyr goodes not dystroye
Ne no thyng take without paye
The kynge comaunded also I saye
Euery hoost from other ten myle
Thus he ordeyned that wyle
In the myddell hym to ryde
And his hoostes abothe syde
Forth he wente with gladde chere
Thorough londes ferre and nere
Tyll they came without ensoyne
Unto the cyte of coloyne
The hygh mayre of that cyte
Commaunded as I tell the
That no man sholde sell hym bytaye
For no thyng that myght auayle
The stewart tolde Rycharde the kynge
Soone anone of that tydyng
That he ne myght no bytaye bye
Ne yther for loue ne for monye
Thus defended Bedarde the kynge
For he the hateth ouer all thyng
And well he woteth that ye haue swore
All that ye take for to paye fore

Ye wyl take with no maystry
 Therfore he weneth sykerly
 That ye ne shall haue mete none
 Thus he weneth thy men to flane
 Kyng Rycharde sayd also hym thought
 That he ne shall lette vs nought
 Steward. I commaunde the
 Bye vs vessel grete plente
 Dysshes cuppes and sawcers
 Bolles trowes and platters
 Fattes cowles and costrelles
 Make our mete without les
 Whether ye wyl sethe or bake brede
 And to poore men so god you rede
 That ye fynde in all the towne
 That they come to mete at my sommoone
 When the mete was dressed and dyght
 The kyng commaunded to a knyght
 After the meyre for to wende
 And other barons good and hende
 Anone they were to the boorde set
 And sayre seruyce befoze them set
 Kyng Rycharde asked in byenge
 Syr meyre where is thy lord the kyng
 Syr he sayd at gonozye
 Sykerly without lye
 And also my lady the quene
 The thyrde daye ye shall them sene
 And margery his doughter fre
 That of thy comyng blythe wyl be
 They wyshe as it is lawe in lande
 A messenger there came dyuande
 Kyng R.



Upon a stede whyte as mylke
All I trapped in tuly sylke
With fyue hondred belles ryngyng
He came full merly syngyng
And downe of his stede he alyght
And grette kynge Rycharde aplyght
The kynges doughter that is so fre
She the greteth well by me
With an hondred knyghtes and mo
She cometh oz ye to bedde go
Kynge Rycharde sayd hyenge
She is welcome ouer all thyng
He made at ease the messengere
With glad semblaunt and mery chere
And gaue hym a clothe of golde
For he was with his lady withholde
They came to hym that same nyght
The knyghtes and that lady bryght
Whan kynge Rycharde myght her se
Welcome lemman than sayd he
Eythir other began to kysse
And made moche Joye and blysse
There they lefte tyll it was daye
On the morowe they wente theyr waye
And at myddaye befoze the none
They came befoze a cyte ryght soone
The name was hyght marburent
There the kynge Rycharde moost lent
Soone his stewart came hym to
Syr he sayd how shall we do
Suche bytayll as I bought yesterday
For no golde gete it I ne may

Kynge Rycharde sayd with herte fre
Of fruyte here is grete plente
Fygges and reysyns in frayle
And nuttes may serue vs rather than fayle
And were somdele cast therto
Calowe and grece I meddled also
And thus ye may our mete make
Sythe that we may none other take
There they dwelled all that nyght
On the morowe to wende as it was ryght
Unto the cyte of carpentras
There kynge Rycharde hym selfe was
For there myght he hym flee nought
Thorough the londe he had hym sought
The kynge wylste Rycharde was come
Well he wende to ben I none
And in pryson ay to be
But yf my doughter helpe me
She came to hym there he sat
What now fader what is that
Certes doughter I gete blame
But thou me helpe I gete shame
Certes syr she sayd than
As I am gentylwoman
Yf ye wyl be mylde of mode
Kynge Rycharde shall do you but good
But graunte me with good wyl
That he wyl saye to fulfyll
And you in his mercy dothe
And he you kysse shall without othe
And also my lady the quene
Good frendes shall ye bene

Kynge R.



E.iii.

She toke her fader and with hym yede
To kynge Rycharde as I you rede
And eke erles and barons mo
And fyfty knyghtes eke also
Kynge Rycharde sawe how that he came
Fayre ayenst hym the waye he name
Kynge Medarde on knees hym sette
And kynge Rycharde there he grette
And sayd I am at thy wyll
Quod Rycharde I wyll nought but skyll
But so thou yelde agayne my tresore
I shall the loue euer moze
Loue the and be thy frende
Quod kynge Medarde my sone hende
I shall the swere vpon a boke
Kedy is that I of the toke
And yf thou wylte moche moze
Of myne owne tresore
I wyll the gyue my peas to make
Kynge Rycharde gan hym in armes take
And kylte hym many tymes sythe
They were frendes and made blythe
That euery daye kynge Medarde
Ete with kynge Rycharde
And after mete soone and swythe
Kynge Rycharde spake with chere blythe
To the kynge that late hym by
Welcome be ye sykerly
Syr for loue I praye the
Of thy helpe to wende with me
To hethenes without fayle
For goddes loue to gyue batayle

The kynge graunted all in grynth
And all his realme to wende hym with
And my selfe syr therto
Naye quod Rycharde I wyll not so
Thou arte to olde to beker in fyght
I praye the that thou me dyght
An hondred knyghtes styffe to stonde
Of the best in thy londe
For a yere that it be done
And of bytaylor redy wone
And squyers that fall them to
The kynge graunted that to do
Another thyng I shall the gyue
That may the helpe whyle thou lyue
Two ryche rynges of golde
The stones therein ben full olde
Fro hens to the londe of ynde
Better shalte thou none fynde
For who that hath that one stone
Water ne shall hym drowne none
That other stone who so it hathe
Fyre ne shall hym do no skathe

How the kynge of fraunce
betrayed kynge Rycharde.

Quod kynge Rycharde syr gramercy
His knyghtes were all redy
Sergeauntes of armes and squyers
Stedes I charged and desters
With armes and with other bytaylor
Kynge Rycharde wente forth w his apparayle
Kynge R. ✠ E.iii.

Towarde marcell he gan ryde
With his hoost on eyther syde
Fouke doly and Thomas of multon
With erles dukes & many a bolde baron
Rychardes mayster Roberte of leicester
In Englonde was none his better
And also syr Roberte of turname
Hoche englysshe people with hym came
And redy they founde theyr flete
Charged with armure drynke and mete
They chypped armure man and stede
And other stoze folke to fede
They chypped all by the sec stronde
To wende in to the holy londe
The wynde was bothe good and kene
And droue them ouer in to mellene
Before the gates of the gryffons
Kynge Rycharde pyght his pauplyons
The kynge of fraunce there he founde
In pauplyons square and rounde
And eyther of them kyste other
And became swozne brother
To wende in to the holy londe
To wreke Jhesu J vnderstonde
A treason thought the kynge of fraunce
To do kynge Rycharde dystaunce
To kynge Tanker he sente a wytte
That tourned hym to lytell wytte
The kynge Rycharde with strength of honde
Wolde hym haue dzyuen out of his londe
Tanker kynge of puple was
For this wytte he layd alas

He sente anone his messenger
To his sone that hyght Roger
That was kynge of Cyple londe
He sholde come to his honde
And sente after his barownes
Ecles and lordes of renownes
And whan they were comen euerychone
The kynge layd to them anone
And tolde how the kynge of fraunce
Had hym warned of a dystaunce
Kynge Roger spake fyrste aboue
And smote peas with his gloue
Mercy my fader at this tyme
Kynge Rycharde is a pylgryme
And crossed in to the holy londe
That wyte lyeth I vnderstonde
I dare for kynge Rycharde swere
That he neuer thought you to fere
But sende to hym a messengere
That he come vnto you here
He wyll come to you full soone
And his thought he wyll tell you anone
The kynge was glad of that counsaile
And sente after hym without fayle
On the moze we he came to hym I wys
In to the ryche cyte of thys
And founde kynge Tanker in his hall
Amonge his ecles and barons all
Cyther gret te other in fayre maner
With mylde wordes and deboner
Than sayd Tanker to kynge Rycharde
Lo syr kynge by saynt Le charde

It is done me for to wytte
Of a frende here ryght well wytte
That thou arte come with grete powere
For to reue me of my londes here
Thou were fayre to be a pylgryn
For to flee many a paynym
Than for to greue a crysten kynge
That neuer the mysdyde no thyng
Kynge Rycharde was soze alshamed
And also of his wordes agramd
And sayd Tanker thou arte mystought
For to haue this in thy thought
And suche a rage on me to bere
That I the holde with armes dere
Suche a treason on me to touche
And on my flesshe I bere the crouche
I ne wyll dwell here but a daye
To morowe I wyll wende my waye
And I praye the syr Tanker kynge
Procure me none euyl thyng
For many men weneth to greue other
And on his heed falleth the fother
For who so wayteth me despyte
Hym selfe shall nought passe quyte
Syr quod Tanker be not wrothe for this
Lo here are the letter forsothe I wys
That the kynge of fraunce me sente
That other daye in presente
Kynge Rycharde sawe & vnderstode
The kynge of fraunce wolde hym no gode
Kynge Rycharde and kynge Tanker kyste
And were frendes with the beste

That myght be in ony londe
I loued be Ihesu crystes sonde
Kynge Rycharde wente agayne well styll
And suffred the frensche kynges wyll
He bndyde his tresore
And bought hym bestes to his stoz
He let bothe salte and flene
Thre thousande of oxen and kene
Swyne and shepe so many also
No man coude tell tho
And of fylshe foules and benyson
I ne can nought acccount in ryght reason
The kynge of fraunce without wene
Laye in the cyte of messene
And kynge Rycharde without the wall
Under the house of the hospytall
The englyshe men wente to shyppe
And ofte hente harde knockynge
The frensche and gryffons do wne ryghtes
Slewe there our englyshe knyghtes
Kynke Rycharde herde of that dystaunce
And playned to the kynge of fraunce
And he answered he had no warde
Of the englyshe taylades
Chas thy gryffons yf thou myght
For of my men getest thou no ryght
Quod kynge Rycharde syth it is so
I wote well what I haue to do
I shall me of them so a wyke
That all the worlde therof shall speke
Crystmasse is a tyme full honeste
Kynge Rycharde it honoured with grete faste

All his clerkes and barons
Were set in theyr pauplyons
And serued with grete plente
Of mete and drynke and eche deynte
Than came there a knyght in grete haste
Unneth he myght drawe his blaste
He fell on knees and thus he sayd
Mercy Rycharde for Mary mayde
With the frensshe men and the gryffownes
My brother lyeth slayne in the townes
And with hym lyeth slayne fyftene
Of thy knyghtes good and kene
This daye and yesterdaye I tolde arowe
That syxe and thyrty they had I slowe
Faste lesteth your englysshe hepe
Good syr take good kepe
A wreke vs syr manly
Or we shall hastely
Flee peryll I vnderstonde
And tourne agayne to eng'onde
Kynge Rycharde was wrothe & eger of mode
And began to stare as he were wode
The table with his fote he smote
That it wente on the erth fote hote
And swore he wolde be a wreked in haste
He wolde not wende for crystes faste
The hygh daye of crystmasse
They gan them arme moze and lasse
Befoze wente kynge Rycharde
The erle of salysbury afterwarde
That was called by that daye
Syr Wylliam the longe spaye

The erle of leystre the erle of herdforde
Full comly folowed they theyr lord
Erles barons and squyers
Bowmen and arblastres
With kynge Rycharde they gan reke
Of frensche and gryffons to be awake
The folke of that cyte aspyed rathe
That englyshe men wolde do them skathe
They shette hastely the gate
With barres that they founde therate
And swythe they ranne on the wall
And shotte with bowe and spyngall
And called our men saunce fayle
Awaye dogges with your tayle
For all your boost and your orguyle
Ben shall threste in your cuple
Thus they mysdoide and mysdayde
All that daye kynge Rycharde they trayde
Our kynge that daye for no nede
In batayll myght no thyngc spede
On a nyght kynge Rycharde & his barons
Wente to theyr pauplyous
Who that slepte or who that woke
That nyght kynge Rycharde no rest toke
On the morowe he of sente his counseillers
Of the portes the mayster maryners
Lordsynges he layd ye ben with me
Your counseyll ought for to be pryue
All we sholde vs venge fonde
With queyntyle and with strength of honde
Of frensche and of gryffons
That haue dylpyled our nacrons

I haue a castell I vnderstonde
Is made of tembre of Englonde
With syxe stages full of tourelles
Well flourysched with cornelles
Therin I and many a knyght
Apenst the frensche shall take the fyght
That castell shall haue a soyr nom
It shall hyght the mate gryffon
Maryners arme your shyppes
And do vp your manshyppes
By the water halfe ye them assaile
And we wyl by londe saunce fayle
For come ye neuer to me
Tyl I of them a wicked be
Therto men myght here crye
Helpe god and saynt Mary
The maryners gan to hye
Bothe with shyppe and with galye
Syth ore spredde and sayle also
Towarde them they gan go
The knyghtes framed the tre castyll
Before the cyte vpon an hyll
All this sawe the kynge fraunce
And sayd haue ye no doutaunce
Of all these englyshe cowardes
For they ne be but lcsardes
But reyse vp your mangel
And caste to theyr tre castell
And shote to them with arblast
The tayled dogges for to agast
Now harken of Rycharde our kynge
How he let bere in the dawnyng

Terres and hardes his folke all
Ryght before the cyte wall
His hoost he let at ones crye
When myght it here in the skye
Now let come the frensche losardes
And gyue batayll to the taylardes
ye frensche men them armed all
And ranne on fast vpon the wall
And began the englyshe for to assaile
There began a stronge batayle
The englyshe shotte with arblast & bowe
Frensche and gryffons felde and slowe
The galeys came vnto the cyte
And had nygh wonne entre
And harde myned vnder the wall
That many gryffons gan downe fall
With hoked arowes and eke quarelles
Helde them out of the tourelles
And brake bothe legges and armes
And eke theyr neckes it was none harmes
The frensche men came to the stoure
And caste wylde fyre out of the toure
Wherwith I wote forsothe I wys
They brente and slewe many englyshe
And the englyshe men defended them welee
With good swerdes of browne stele
And slewe of them so grete chepes
That there laye moche folke on hepes
And at the londe gate kynge Rycharde
Helde his assaute iye harde
And so manly he toke one
Helefte of his men neuer one

He loked besyde and sawe howe
A knyght that tolde hym with a gloue
Kynge Rycharde and he hym tolde
Tales in Englyshe stoute and bolde
A lord he sayd I aspye now ryght
A thyng that maketh myn herte lyght
Here he sayd is a gate one
That hath warde ryght none
The folke is gone to the water toure
For to do them theyr socoure
And there we may without dente
Entrein now verament
Blythe therof was kynge Rycharde
Stoutly he wente thederwarde
Many a knyght doughty of dede
After prycked vpon theyr stede
Kynge Rycharde entred without drede
Hym folowed full grete ferhede
His baner vpon the wall he pulte
Many a gryffon it byhulte
As greyhoundes stryken out of lese
Kynge Rycharde threste amonge the preste
Seuen chaynes with his good swerde
Our kynge for carse a mydwarde
That were drawen for grete doute
Within the gates and without
Porcules and gates vp he wan
And lette come in euery man
When myght se by strete and lane
Frenshe and gryffons gaue bane
And some to hoxe ran in haste
Doors and wyndowes barred faste

And euer men bare them vp with leuours
And slewe them with grete bygours
All that they founde a peny them stonde
Passed thozugh dethe's honde
They brake cofers and toke tresours
Golde and syluer and countours
Jewelless stones and spycery
All that they founde in tresoury
There was none of englyshe blode
That he ne had as moche gode
As they wolde drawe oʒ bere
To shyppe oʒ to pauplyons I swere
And euer cryed kynge Rycharde
Slee downe euery frenshe cowarde
And ken them in batayles
That ye haue no tayles
The kynge of fraunce came pryckynge
A peny Rycharde our kynge
And fell on knees downe of his hors
And bad mercy for goddes corps
For the crowne and for the loue
Of Ihesu cryste kynge aboue
And for the byage and for the crose
He sholde be in gree and take lose
And he wolde haue honde take
They sholde amende all the wʒake
They that had hym oʒ his
Ony thyng done amys
Kynge Rycharde had grete pyte
Of the kynge of fraunce that sat on kene
And lyght downe so sayth the boke
And in his armes vp hym toke

Kynge R.



f. l.

Handwritten notes in a cursive script, likely a later addition or a marginal gloss. The text is difficult to decipher but appears to be a commentary on the printed text.

And sayd it sholde be peas styll
And yelde the crowne all to his wyll
And bad hym nought greue hym tho
Though he venged hym of his fo
That had his good knyghtes quelde
And eke on hym despyte I telve
The kynge of fraunce gan to preche
And bad Rycharde be his soules leche
And the tresoure yelde agayne than
That he had take of euery man
And elles he ne myght in goddes paye
To Iherusalem take the waye
Kynge Rycharde sayd with theyr tresoure
They myght nought amende the dyshonoure
And that they haue done me oꝝ this
And syr also thou dyde amys
Whan thou sentest to Tanker the kynge
To appayze me with thy lesynge
We haue to Iherusalem the waye sworne
Who breketh our pylgrymage he is forlorne
Oꝝ he that maketh ony medlaye
Bytwene vs two in this waye
Whan abbated was that dystaunce
There came two Justyces of fraunce
Upon two stedes ryde
And kynge Rycharde they gan chyde
That one was hyght Margaryte
That other syr Hewe Impetyte
Swythe soze they hym trayde
Cleped taylarde and myslayde
Kynge Rycharde helde a tronchon tewe
And to them two he hym drewe

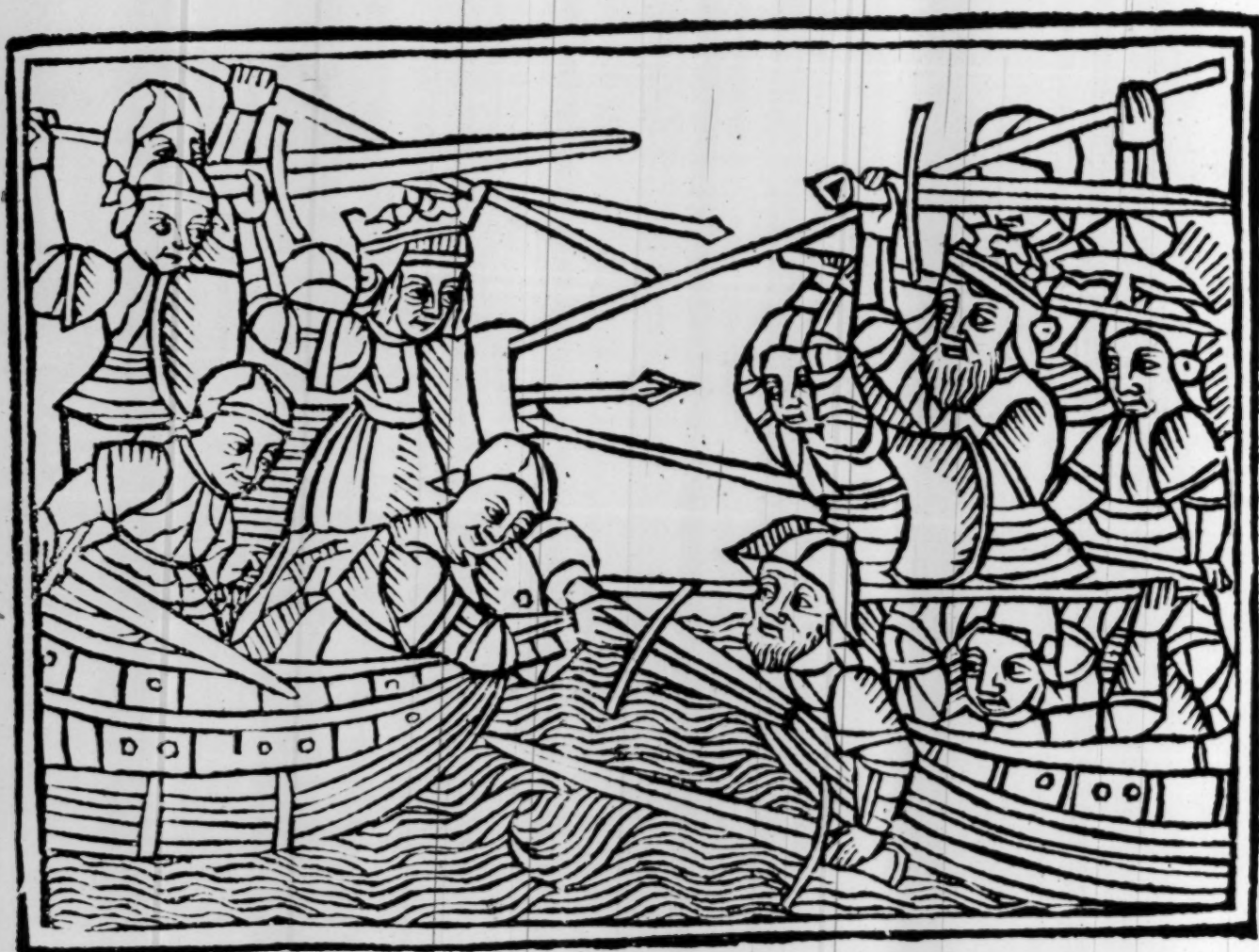
Margaryte he gaue a dente than
Aboue the eye bpon the pan
The skull brake with that dente
The ryght eye flewe out quytemente
And he fell downe deed in haste
He we of Impetyte was a gaste
And prycked awaye without fayle
And Rycharde was soone at his taylor
And gaue hym a stroke on the molde
That deed he thought be he sholde
Ternes and quernes he gaue hym there
And sayd syr thus thou shalte lere
To myllare thy ouerhedlynge
Go playne now to your frensche kynge
An archebysshop came full soone
He fell on knees and badde a bone
Of kynge Rycharde he had his grace
That he wolde leue his stryfe in that place
And there no moze harme do
For goddes loue the people to
Kynge Rycharde graunted then
And drewe to paupyr on all his men
To this daye men may here speke
How the englyshe were there awreke
All the whyle that they were there
They myght well bye theyr chafere
There was none so hardy a man
That one euyll worde spake gan

How thre of kynge Rychardes shyppes
were perysched in the see/and how the em
perour put his men in pryson


Kynge R.



F.11.



Kynge Rycharde in peas and reste
 Fro crystmasse the hygh feste
 Dwelled there tyll after the lente
 And than on his waye he wente
 In marche moneth the kynge of fraunce
 Went to shyppe without dystaunce
 Whan he was gone soone afterwarde
 Came the doughty kynge Rycharde
 Forth towarde Acris wende he wolde
 With moche store of syluer and golde
 Foure shyppes were charged 3fande
 Towarde Cyprys all saylande
 Charged with tresour euery dell
 And soone a sorowfull caas there fell
 A grete tempest arose sondaynly
 That lasted fyue dayes sykerly

It brake theyr masse and theyr oze
And theyr takell lesse and moze
Anker bothe spzette and rother
Ropes cordes one and other
And were in poynt to synke a dowe
As they came ayenst the lymosowe
The thre shyppes ryght anone
All to brake ayenst the stone
All to peces they to tare
Unneth the folke saued ware
The maryners bineth it with helde
That shyppe leste in the shelde
For the pryffons with sharpe wordes
Some with axes and some with swerdes
Grete slaughter of our englyshe maked
And spoyled the quycke all naked
Syrtene hondred they brought on lyue
And in to pryson hondredes fyue
And also naked syrtty scoze
As they were of theyr moders boze
Of the shyppes brekyng they were blythe
The Justyces of Cyprys ran full swythe
And drewe vp cofers many folde
Full of syluer and of golde
Dylthes cuppes braches and rynges
Cuppes of golde and ryche thynges
No man by south ne by north
He coude account what it was worth
And all was lozne that tresour
Wheder that wolde the emperour
The thyrde daye afterwarde
The wynde came dryuyng kyng Rycharde
Kyng R.  J.iii.

With all his grete nauyes
And his sayynge galpes
To a shyppe that stode in depe
The gentylmen therin dyde wepe
And whan they sawe Rycharde the kynge
Theyr wepyngge tourned ail to laughynge
They welcomed hym with woꝛshyppes
And tolde hym the bꝛekynge of theyr shyppes
And the robbery of his tresoure
And all that other dyshonoure
Than waxed kynge Rycharde full wꝛothe
And he swoꝛe a full grete othe
By Ihesu cryste our sauoure
It sholde abyꝛe the emperoure
He cleped syr Steuen and Wyllyam
And also Roberte of turnam
Thre gentyll barons of englonde
Wyle of speche doughty of honde
Now go and saye to the emperoure
That he yelde agayne my tresoure
Or I swere by saynt Denys
I wyll haue thre syth bouble of his
And yelde my men out of pryson
And foꝛ the deed paye raunson
Or hastyll I hym warne
I wyll woꝛke hym a harme
Bothe with spere and with launce
Anone I shall take vengauce
The messengers anone foꝛth wente
To do theyr loꝛdes cōmaundement
And hendly sayd theyr message
The emperoure began to rage

He grunte his tethe and faste blewe
A knyfe after syr Roberte he threwe
He blente awaye with a lepe
And it flewe in a doze a span depe
And syth he cryed as vncourteys
Out taylades of my paleys
Now go and laye your tailed kynge
That I owe hym no thyng
I am full gladde of his loze
I wyll hym yelde none other answoze
And he shall fynde me to morowe.
At the hauento do hym sorowe
And werse hym as moche wrake
As his men that I haue take
The messengers wente out full swythe
Of theyr ascapyng they were blythe
The emperours stwarde with honoure
Sayd thus vnto the emperoure
Syr he sayd thou hast vntyght
Thou haddest almoost slayne a knyght
That is messenger vnto a kynge
The best vnder the sonne chynynge
Thou hast thy selte tresour grete plente
yf thou it withhelde it were grete pyte
For he is crossed and pylgryn
And all his men that ben with hym
Lette hym do his pylgrymage
And kepe thy selte frome damage
The eyen twinkled of the emperoure
And smyled as an euyl traytoure
His knyfe he drewe out of his shethe
Therwith to do the stwarde scathe

Kynge R.



F.iii.

And called hym without fayle
And sayd he wolde hym accounsayle
The stewarde on knees hym set a dowe
With the emperour for to rowne
And the emperour of euill truste
Carued of his nose by the gruste
And sayd traytour these stewarde
Go playne to englyshe taylarde
And yf he come on my londe
I shall hym do suche a shonde
Hym and all his men quicke flayne
But he in haste tourne agayne
The stewarde his nose hente
I wys his bysage was I shente
Quykely out of the castell ran
Leue he ne toke of no man
The messengers mercy he cryed
For Maryes loue in that tyde
They sholde tell to theyr lord
Of the dyshonour ende and worde
And haste you agayne to londe
And I shall lese in to your hounde
The keyes of euery toure
That oweth that fals emperoure
And I shall brynge hym this nyght
The emperours doughter bryghe
And also an hondred knyghtes
Stoute in batayll stronge in fyghtes
Ayenst that fals emperoure
That hath done bo this dyshonoure
The messengers them hyed harde
Tyll they came to kynge Rycharde

They founde kynge Rycharde playe
At the chesse in his galaye
The erle of rychemonde with hym played
And Rycharde wan all that he layed
The messengers tolde all the dyschour
That them dyde the emperour
And the despyte he dyde his stewart
In the despyte of kynge Rycharde
And the stewart presentynge
His byhest and his helpynge
Than answered kynge Rycharde
In dede lyon in thought lybarde
Of your sawes I am blythe
Anone set vs to londe swythe
A grete crye arose fote hote
Out was shotte many a bote
The bowe men and eke the arblastres
Armed them at all auenters
And shotte quarelles and eke flone
As thicke as the hayle stone
The folke of the countre gan renne
And were fayne to voyde and fleune
The barons and good knyghtes
After came anone ryghtes
With theyr lord kynge Rycharde
That neuer was founde no coward

How kynge Rycharde gaue batayll to
the emperour / & How y^e emperour fledde
awaye for fere that he had / & there was
slayne many of the emperours folke / and
after that he wente streyght to Acrys

Kynge R.



C.1.



Ynge Rycharde I vnderstonde
 Or he wente out of Englonde
 Let hym make an axe for the nones
 To breke therwith y sarasyns bones
 The heed was wrought ryght wele
 Therin was twenty pounde of stele
 And whan he came in to Cyprys londe
 The axe toke in his honde
 All that he hytte he all to frapped
 The gryffons a waye faste rapped
 Neuertheles many one he claued
 And theyr vnthonkes therby leued
 And the pryson whan he came to
 With his axe he smote ryght tho
 Dozes berres and Iren charnes
 And delyuered his men out of parynes

He let them all delyuer c'oth
For theyr despyte he was wroth
And swore by Ihesu our sayoure
He sholde abyte that fals emperoure
All the bourgeyses of the towne
Kynge Rycharde let slee without raunsonne
Theyr tresour and theyr meles
He toke to his owne deles
Tydynge came to the emperour
Kynge Rycharde was in lymasour
And had his bürgeyses to deth I do
No wonder though hym were wo
He sente anone without fayle
After all his counsaile
That they came to hym on hys
To wreke hym of his enemye
His hoost was come by mydnyght
And redy on the morowe for to fyght
Herken now of the stewarde
He came at nyght to kynge Rycharde
And the emperours doughter hym with
She grette kynge Rycharde in peas & gryth
She fell on knees and gan to wepe
And sayd kynge Rycharde god the kepe
The stewarde sayd I am shente for the
Gentyll lord awake thou me
The emperours doughter bygght
I the betake gentyll knyght
The keyes also in batayll here
Of euery castell in his powere
An hondred knyghtes I you behyght
To them here redy in all ryght

Kynge R.



G. II.

That shall you lede and socoure
Apenst that fals emperoure
Thou shalte be bothe lord and syze
Or to morowe of his empyze
And swete syr without fayle
Yet the behoueth my counsaile
I shall the lede by a coost
Vryuely vpon his hooft
In his pauplyon ye shall hym take
Than thynke vpon the moche wake
That he hath done the or this
Though ye hym see no force it is
Moche thanked kynge Rycharde
Of the counseyll the stewarde
And swore by god our sauoure
His nose sholde be bought well soure
Ten hondred stedes good and sure
Kynge Rycharde let araye in trappure
On eueryche lepte an englyshe knyght
Well armed in armure bryght
And as the stewarde applyght
Ladde them by the mone lyght
So nygh the emperours pauplywne
Of the turnippettes he herde swone
It was befoze the dawynyng
The stewarde sayd to Rycharde the kynge
Lette se Rycharde assaile yerne
The pauplyon with the golden herne
Therin lyeth the emperour
Awreke thou this dyshonour
Than was Rycharde as freshe to fyght
As euer was foule to the fyght

He prycked forth vpon his stede
Hym folowed full grete ferrede
His axe he helde in honde I drawe
Many gryffons he hath I slawe
The waytes of that hoost that dyde aspye
And full loude began they for to crye
We betrayed and I nome
Horse and harneys lordes all and some
In an euill tyme our emperour
Robbed kynge Rycharde of his tresour
For he is here amonge vs
And sleeth downe ryght by Ihesus
The englyshe knyghtes for the nones
All to hewed the gryffons bodyes & bones
They smote the cordes and fell downe
Of many a ryche pauplydome
And euer cryed squyer and knyght
Smyte lay on slee downe ryght
yelde the tresour ayenwarde
That ye toke from kynge Rycharde
ye ben worthy to haue suche mede
With many woundes to lye and blede
In the emperours pauplyon kynge Rycharde
Alryght so dyde the stewarde
And the emperour was fledde awaye
Hym selfe alone or it was daye
Flowen was that fals cowerde
Narowe hym sought kynge Rycharde
Longe or the daye began to dawne
Ten enty thousande gryffons were I slawe
Of syke sendell and cyclaton
Was the emperours pauplyon

Kynge R.



G.iii.

In the worlde neuer none syche
Ne by moche thyng so ryche
Kynge Rycharde wan the grete worshyp
And had they sholde be lad to shyp
Suche at Acrys was there none founde
Dauplyons of so moche mounde
Cuppes of golde grete and smale
He wan there without tale
Many cofers small and grete
He founde there full I bere
Two stedes founde the kynge Rycharde
That one hygh fauell and that other lyarde
In the worlde was not theyr pere
Dromedary nor bestere
Stede rabyte ne camayle
That ran so swyfte without fayle
For a thousande pounde I tolde
Sholde not that one be solde
All that his men befoze had loze
Seuen double they had therfoze
Tydynge to the emperour was come
That his doughter was I nome
And how that his hygh stewarde
Her had delyuered to kynge Rycharde
By that he wyste well I wys
That he had done amys
Two messengers he clyped anone
And bad them to kynge Rycharde gone
And saye your emperour and your kynge
That I hym sende goddes gretynge
Homage by yere I wyl hym gyue & yelde
And all my londe I wyl of hym helde

So that he wyll for charyte
In peas here after leu2 me
The messengers anone forth wente
And sayd theyr lordes comaundemente
Kynge Rycharde answered therto
I graunte well that it be so
Go and sayd your emperour
That he dyde grete dyshonour
Whan he robbed pylgrymes
That were goynge to the paynymes
Let hym yelde me my tresour euery dele
If he wyll be my specyele
And all that saye your emperour
That he amende that dyshonour
That he dyde to his stewarde
In despyte of kynge Rycharde
And that he come erly to morowe
And crye me mercy with sorowe
Homage by yere me to bere
And elles by my crowne I swere
He shall not haue a fote of londe
Neuer more but of my honde
The messengers by one accorde
Tolde this the emperour theyr lord
Than the emperour was full wo
That he this dyde sholde do
To kynge Rycharde he came on the morowe
In his herte he had moche sorowe
He fell on knees so sayth the boke
Kynge Rycharde by bothe the fete he toke
And cryed mercy with good entent
And he forgaue hym his maltalent

Kynge R.



G.iii.

1
fette he dyde hym and homage
Befoze all his baronage
That daye they were at one accorde
And in same dyde ete at one boorde
Grette solace and moche playe
Togyder they were all that daye
And whan it dæwe towarde the eue
The emperour toke his leue
And wente towarde his hostell
In herte hym was nothyng well
He helde hym selfe a foule coward
That he dyde homage to kynge Rycharde
And thought how he hym awake myght
Forth he rode anone ryght
To a cyte that hyght boffenent
He came by daye verament
There he founde many a grette syze
The ryche st men of his empyze
To them playned the emperour
Of the shame and of the dyshonour
That hym dyde kynge Rycharde
Thozugh the helpe of his stewart
Up there stode a noble barowne
Ryche of castell and of towne
The stewartes me he was
That the emperour had shente his fas
Syr he sayd thou arte mystaught
Thou arte all aboute naught
Withouth encheson and Jugement
Thy good stewart thou haste J shent
That sholde as he well couthe
Us haue holpe and saued nouth

Thozugh thy wyll malycyous
Ryght so thou woldest serue vs
And I saye the wordes bolde
With suche a lord kepe I not holde
To fyght ayenst Rycharde the kynge
The best vnder the sonne shynynge
Ne none of all my baronage
Ne shall the neuer do homage
All the other sayd at one worde
That Rycharde was theyr kynde lord
And the emperour for his bylanye
Was well worthy for to abyde
The emperour sawe and vnderstode
His barons wolde hym no gode
To another towne he wente & helde hym thare
In his herte he had moche care
That same tyme the hygh stewarde
Counseyllled with kynge Rycharde
He sayd that hym forthought soze
That the emperour was so forloze
They sought hym in all wyle
And founde hym in a cyte of pryse
And certaynly kynge Rycharde
Wolde no loue to hym warde
For he had broken his treuth
Of hym had he no reuth
But let a sergeaunt hym bynde
His hondes soone hym behynde
And caste hym in to a galley
And ledde hym in to surrey
And swoze by Ihesu that made mone & sterre
Ayenst the sarasynes he sholde lerne to werre

Whan all this warre abated was
Kynge Rycharde set that londe in peas
The elre of leycestre full truly
Thozugh counseyll of his barony
He made hym stewarde of that londe
To kepe his realme to his honde
Grete feest they helde afterwarde
His shyppes let dyght kynge Rycharde
Fozth towarde Acrys he wolde
With moche stoz of syluer and golde
With two hondzed shyppes I fynde
Saylynge fozwarde with the wynde
And afterwarde fyfty galyes
Foz to warde his nauyes
And as the doughty kynge Rycharde
Came saylynge to Acrys warde
And had sayled with wynde at wylle
Ten dayes fayre and styll
The alleuenth daye they sayled in tempest
That nyght ne daye had they no rest
And as they were in auenture
They a sawe dzonionde without mesure
The dzomonde was so heuy of fraught;
Unneth myght it sayle aught
He was towarde the sarasynes
Charged with corne and with wynges
With wylde fyze and other bytaye
Kynge Rycharde them sawe without fayle
He bad one haast trenchmere
And in a galey to wende them nere
And axe whens that they were
And what they haue in chafere

Allyn quyeckly and men I now
To the dromonde gan rowe
And asked whens they were
And what they had in chafere
Abozde stode bp theyr latemere
And answered alyn trenchemere
With the kynge of fraunce we be saunce fayle
Frome poyle we bynge this bytaye
A moneth we haue lye in the see
Towarde Acrys now wende we
Mynde bp sayle quod alyn trenchemere
And sayle we forth the wynde is clere
Nay syr he sayd also I fynde
We must nedes come behyn de
For we be so heuy I fraught
Unneth may we sayle naught
Than sayd alyn soone anone
I ne here of you speke but one
But stonde ye bp all in fere
That we myght mo of you here
And knowe your token after than
For we wyll not leue one man
Certes quod the latemere
With no mo spekest thou here
They were to nyght in grete tempest
And now they lye and take theyr rest
Certes quod trenchemere alayne
To kynge Rycharde than wyll I sayne
That ye be all sarasynes
Charged with golde and with wyne
The sarasynes sterte bp all prest
And sayd felowe go do thy best

For kynge Rycharde and his galyes
We wyll not gyue two flyes
The trenchemere began to rowe harde
Tyll he came to kynge Rycharde
And swoze to hym by saynt Jhone
It were sarasynes euerychone
That layd our kynge of grete reuowne
That hyght Rycharde curc de lyowne
Of your lawes I am blythe
Let eche man arme them swythe
Sterre thou thy galey trenchemere
I wyll assaile that pantenere
With myn axe I wyll them assaile
Of sarasynes I wyll not faile
Anone his axe was to hym brought
His other armes forgate he nought
To hym canie maryners I nowe
Kynge Rycharde bad them fast rowe
Now rowe on fast and who is faynte
In euyll water mote he be draynte
They rowed faste and layde to
And songe heuenhowe rombylo
The galey yede as fast
As quarelles out of arblast
And as the dromonde with the wynde
A galey came saylynge behynde
And smote hym swythe fast
That the sterne all to brast
The sarasynes were armed wele
Bothe in Jren and in stele
And stode aborde and fought harde
Apynst the doughty kynge Rycharde

Kynge Rycharde and his knyghtes
Slewe the sarasynes downe ryghtes
And they began to wroke them wo
Alwayne there stode by nyo and mo
And rapped on them for the nones
Stronge strokes for with harde stones
Out of the toppe castell on hye
That neuer was Rycharde his deth so nye
Than came seven galeys behynde
To that dozmonde faste saylynde
Tho stode aborde baron and knyght
To helpe kynge Rycharde for to fyght
A stronge batayll there began then
Bytwene them and the hethen men
With swerdes speres and dartes kene
Flones quarelles flewe bytwene
As thycke without ony styrnte
As hayle after thunder dynte
And in the bekerynge that was so harde
In to the dozmonde came kynge Rycharde
Whan he was therin with grete haste
He dreiled his backe to the masse
With his axe all that he caught
Hastely the deth they caught
Some he hytte on the bassyn
That they all claued to the chyn
And some to the gyrdell stede
And some the to thyppes brede
Some on the necke so hytte he
That they flewe in to the se
For none armure withstode his axe
As moze than a knyght doth the ware

The sarasynes as I you tell
Sayd he was the deuyl of hell
And ouer bozde than lepte they
And drowned them selfe I you sey
Sytene hondzed there were quelde
But thyrty sarasynes he at helde
That they sholde bere wytnes
Of that batayll at Acrys
Kynge Rycharde founde therin faunce fayle
Moche stoz and grete vytayle
Many barrelles of fyre gregeys
And many a thousande of bowes turkeys
Hoked arowes and quarelles
He founde there full many banelles
And of whete grete plente
Golde and syluer and eche deynte
Of the tresour had he nought the mounde
That in the dozmonde was founde
For it was drowned in the flode
Or halfe vncharged was the gode
Auaunced had ben all crystente
Had the dozmonde passed the see
And came to Acrys from kynge Rycharde
An hondzed wynter there afterwarde
For all the crysten men vnder the sonne
He had not Acrys ben I wonne
And thus kynge Rycharde wan the dozmonde
Thozugh goddes helpe and saynt Edmonde

How kynge Rycharde cutte a two a grete
chayne / & how an archebysshop tolde hym
the sorowe that they had suffre afoze.



Kynge Rycharde after anone ryght
 Towarde Accrys gan hy n dyght
 And as he sayled to warde surrye
 He was warned of a spye
 How the folke of the hethen lawe
 A grete chayne they had I drawe
 Quere the haucn of Accrys fers
 Was fastened to two pyllers
 That no chyppe sholde in wyne
 Be tho out that were there in
 Therfore seven yere and moze
 All crysten kynges laye thore
 And with hongre suffre payne
 For lettynge of that same chayne
 Whan kynge Rycharde herde that tydyng
 For joye his herte began to spryng
 And swoze and sayd in his thought
 All that ne sholde them kepe nought

Al swyfte stronge galey he toke
Trenchemere so sayth the boke
And stered the galey ryght euen
All mydwarde the hauen
Were the maryners neuer so wrothe
He made them rowe and sayle bothe
The galey yede as swyfte
As ony foule by the lyfte
And kynge Rycharde that was so good
With his axe afoze the shyppe stode
And whan he came to the chayne
With his axe he smote it at wayne
That all the barons verament
Sayd it was a noble dente
And for Joye of that dede
The cuppes faste aboute yede
With good wyne piment and clare
And sayled towarde Acrys cyte
Kynge Rycharde out of his galye
Let cast wyld fyre in to the skye
And the fyrst grekes in to the se
All on a fyre were the
His trumppettes yede in his galye
Men myght it here in to the skye
Trompettes hornes and shalmyse
The see bzente all of fyre grekes
Gynnes he had of wonder wyse
Mangenelles of grete quentyse
Arblast bowe made with gynne
The holy londe therwith to wynne
Quer all othel bitterly
He had a myle of grete maystry

In the myddes of a chyppe to stonde
Suche ne sawe they neuer in no londe
Foure sayles were therto all newe
Yelow and grene rede and blewe
With canuas I layde all aboute
Full costly within and without
And all within full of fyre
Of torches made of waxe clere
Querthwarte and enblonge
With spyngelles of fyre they dyde honde
Grounde they neyther corne ne good
But robbed as they were wood
Out of theyr eyes came rede blode
Before the trough one there stode
That all in blode was begone
Suche another was neuer none
And hornes he had vpon his hede
The sarasynes of hym had grete drede
For the robbynge of the stones
They wende it had ben mennes bones
For it was within the nyght
They were a gysed of that syght
And sayd he was the deuyl of hell
That was come them to quell
A lytell before the lyght of the daye
Clenly they were done awaye
Kynge Rycharde after the meruayle
Wente quykly to londe faunce fayle
The kynge of fraunce ayenst hym came
And in his harneys he hym name
Rycharde kyssed hym with grete honour
So dyde euery kynge and emperour

Kynge R.



H. l.

All the kynges of crystente
That had there longe be
And longe had layne in dolour
Underfonde Rycharde with honour
An archebysshop of grete pryse
Dyde kyng Rycharde his seruyce
And syth ledde hym as ye may se
In to a pauplyon of preuyte
And tolde hym there a dolefull tale
Of a shrewde many and fale
Now he sayd kyng Rycharde I here
This syege hath lasted seven yere
It may not be let for thy
Moche sorowe haue we suffred sykerly
For he had no castell
That vs of ony warde fell
But a wyde dyche and a depe
We made vs within to kepe
With barbycanes for the nones
Hye I wrought with harde stones
Whan the dyche was I made
Salandyn the sowdan was glade
And came on vs with grete route
And beset vs all aboute
And with hym markys feraunt
That lyueth on mahowne and termagaunt
He was a crysten kyng some while
He hath done vs moze shame & gyle
Than the sowdan and his hoost
The fader and sone and holy goost
Graunte hym grace of worldes shame
Markys feraunt by his name

Our fyrst batayll sekerly
That was stronge and deedly
Well fought our crysten knyghtes
And slewe the sarasynes downe ryghtes
Our crysten had the maystry
The sarasynes fledde with sozry crye
We slewe many of them tho
And they of vs many also
I shall tell you of what case
To many a man it fell alas
As we dyde sarasynes to dede
It befell a noble stede
Out raged fro a paynym
The crysten fast folowed hym
The sarasynes sawe where we came
And fledde asyde all than
And came ayenst vs with stronge fyght
And slewe many a crysten knyght
And there we lost oꝝ we wyste
The best bodyes vnder cryste
The erle feres of Englonde
There was neuer doughter of honde
And the emperour of almayne
And Janyn the erle of spayne
Twelue thousande of our meyne
There was slayne with grete pyte
Therof was the sowdan glade
On the morowe a newe sawte he made
And he let take all the coꝝ
Bothe of deed men and of hoꝝ
And cast them in to our well
Us to poyson and to quell

Kynge R.

B.ii.

Dyde he neuer a worse dede
To crysten men for no nede
For that poyson and that brette
Fourty thousande toke theyr dethe
Soone after it was not to hyde
The thyrde case vs gan betyde
A shyppe came saylynge on the see
Charged with whete grete plente
And wylde fyre and armure bryght
To helpe the sarasynes to fyght
Our crysten toke the rede saunce fayle
That they wolde the shyppe assaile
And so we dyde to our damage
The wynde blewe fast with grete rage
The sarasynes dreme vp theyr sayle
And ouersayled vs without fayle
There we lost fourty scoze
That hath vs greued swythe soze
On saynt James eyn verament
The sarasynes out of Accrys went
And pyght paupylons grete and wynde
For to haue begyled vs that tyde
Our crysten men were wyght
Erle baron squyer and knyght
Sawe the sarasynes had ryches
And we of all good destres
We thought to wyn to our pay
Of that tresour yf that we may
Fyfty thousande them armed wele
Bothe in Iron and in stele
And wente forth to batayllynge
The sarasynes sawe theyr compynge

And fledde asyde swythe faste
And our meyne came after in haste
And gan ryde with grete randon
Tyll they came to theyr pauplyon
They founde there felowe rede
Tho we wende they fledde for drede
We founde therin brede and wyne
Golde and syluer and batwdekyne
Uessel of syluer ouppes of golde
More than we take wolde
Some stode some late downe
And ete and dranke grete foylowne
After mete pauplyons newe
Were with swerdes all to hewe
And charged horsles with bytaye
As nyse men sholde without fayle
Golde and syluer they put in males
And bounde them faste with gyrdelles
Whan eche man had his charge
Home they wente with spere and targe
The sarasynes sawe theyr wendynge
And came after faste flyngynge
At shorte wordes a grete route
Had beset vs all aboute
Soone the male were downe caste
Apynst the sarasynes they fought faste
There we losse thousandes fyftene
Noble men hardy and kene
This greued vs ryght sore
For we wende all to be loze
But god almyghty heuen kynge
He sente vs soone socourynge

Kynge R.



H.iii.

The doughty erle of champayne
And good knyghtes of byrtayne
And randulfe the gamyles
Johan neuell and his brother myles
And Bawdewyne a clerke full inery
The archebysshop of Gaunterbury
And with them came his neuewe
A noble baron of grete vertewe
Roberte gaunter of englonde
Ayenst the sarasynes for to stonde
And many knyghtes of hongery
And other noble cheuallery
Than helde we a grete barayle
But a harde case befell vs without fayle
Al myghelmasse it must be tolde
The weder begau to were colde
Tho fell bothe rayne and hayle
And snowe fyue fote witdout fayle
Thonder lyghtnyng & weder toughe
For hunger therwith our men it sloughe
For hunger we lost and colde wyndes
Of our solke thre scoze thousandes
Than we our good hors slowe
Soden and eten the guttes towe
The flesshe was deled for grete deynte
Therof had no man plente
But we ete it without brede
To peces we carued the hede
In water we boyled the blode
That vs thought mete full gode
A quarter of whete men vs solde
For thre ponde of flozaunce tolde

For forty pounde men solde an axe
Though it were but lytell I waxe
A swyne for an hondred flozyne
A gosse for halfe a marke of golde fyne
And for an henne to lyke thynges
Men gaue fyue shelynges
And for an egge pens alleuen
And for a pere syxe or leuen
For an appell men gaue pens syxe
And thus our folke vnblythe wyxe
And dyed for hunger and for wo
The ryche men toke to rede tho
A ryche dole for to dyght
To barons and to many a pooze knyght
Twelue pens men eueryche
And syxe to pooze that were not ryche
And foure to euery small wyght
Thus the ryche the pooze dyght
Therwith the more and the lasse
Bought them flesshe of horse and asse
They myght none other thyng gete
They thought it full good mete
I haue the tolde kynge Rycharde here
Of our folke theyr lere
And the damage of Acrys hoost
But blessyd be the holy goost
And Mary that bare Ihesus
That thou arte amonge vs
Thozugh thy helpe I hope well
The sarasynes downe to fell

How kynge Rycharde wan the cyte of Acrys.
Kynge R. ✠ H.iii.



B ynge Rycharde wepte wth his eyen bothe
 And syth sayd he thus forsothe
 Syr byrshop I befeche you praye for vs
 That vs myght sende swete Ihesus
 His sone all for to dystroye
 That they no more vs anoye
 Thus Rycharde toke loue & kepted his stede
 And prycked out that felowrede
 He rode aboute the close dyche
 Towarde Acrys sykerlyche
 Tyll he came co the hospytale
 Of saynt Iohan as I tell by tale
 There he let pytche his pauplyon
 And let arere vp his matgryffon
 That was a tree castell fyne
 To gyue assawte to many a sarasyne

That he myght in to Acrys sene
He had xii. chyppes full of bene
Whan the castell was framed well
He lette therin a mangel
He comaunded his men blyue
To fetch vpon been hyue
And byd taberrars & trompettes blowe
To save the cyte on a thowe
Kyng Rycharde in Acrys cyte
Let cast the hyues grete plente
The wheder was hote in somer tyde
The beest brake out on euery syde
They were agreued full of grame
And dyde the saraynes moche shame
For they stynged them in the bysage
That they began for to rage
And hydde them in a depe sellere
For they durste not come them nere
They sawe kyng Rycharde was full fell
Whan his flyen bytte so well
Another vpon Rycharde gan set
That was cleped Robynet
A stronge gynne for the nones
That cast in to Acrys grete stones
The kyng Rycharde the conquerour
Cleped to hym anone his mynour
And them mynde in to the toure
That is cleped mawndytcoloure
He sware his othe by his crowne
But it were brought downe
By none the vttermest wall
He sholde be hewen in peces small

Kyng R.



31.

The mynours myned faste
And gonners bente and stones caste
The sarasynes began to arme them all
And ranne in haast vnto the wall
In whyte shetes they gan them wythen
For bytyng of kynge Rycharde flyen
They sayd this man doth vs grete payne
For he doth bothe throme and mayne
We sawe neuer kynge thus begynne
It is grete doute lest he vs wyne
Kynge Rycharde stode in his matgryffowne
And sawe there dedes in the towne
Whederwarde the sarasynes drewe
And arrowes englyshe to them slewe
Out of arblastes arrowes smerte
Thorough lunge leust arme & herte
The frensche men with grete noblay
Helped to myne full well that daye
The vttermest wall that daye was downe cast
And many sarasynes slayue at last
That daye Rycharde so well spedde thore
That he was holden for a conquerore
For better he spedde that daye or none
Than all the other in seuen yere had done
The sarasynes myght not endoure
They fledde in to that hye toure
They lyght torches aboute the wall
Wher myght se it ouer all
The torches caste grete lyght
That betokened a newe fyght
That was come fro Englonde
There thorough they myght not stonde

But yf Salandyn the sorowdan
Came to them with men anone
Salandyn was ten myle then
And sawe the torches lyght bren
He let gader his folke togyder
As thynke as snowe falleth in wynter
They assembled vpon a playne
Besyde Acris vpon a mountayne
Syrty thousande men I fynde
Cockes of heye he made them bynde
To go befoze hastelyche
To fyll the crysten dyche
To rescowe Acris they haue rede
And to do the crysten men to dede
After came barons and knyghtes
Stronge in armes stoute in fyghtes
By order they came in theyr manere
Of rede sendell was theyr banere
With thre gryffons depaynted well
And of asure a fayze bendell
Soone after there came as many mo
Barons rydynge and knyghtes also
Theyr gonifanon and theyr pensell
Was wrought of good sendell
As he faught with a lyon
And in surrey with a dragon
The fyrst were rede and grene
Than came the thyrde by dene
With syrtie thousande knyghtes
In ynde I armed to all ryghtes
After came whyte as ony snowe
Fyfty thousande on a rowe

Kynge R.



L.ii.

There among: was Salandyn
And his newwe myrry molendyn
Theyr baners whyte without fable
With thre sarasynes hedes of sable
That were shapen noble and large
Of balyn bothe shelde and targe
No man coude tell the route
They beset the crysten aboute
The fore men cast theyr cothes of heye
To make the hors men redy weye
And fylled the dyche full bpryght
That all the hoost well entred myght
The sarasynes had entred nye
But god almyghty therto lye
The crye arose thozugh the crysten hoost
Soyes seygnyours to: the holy goost
But we haue the better locoute
We be forlozne by saynt sauyoure
There ye myght se many a wryght man
That quyckly to his armure ran
And wente anone in to the dyche
And defended it hastelyche
There was many a gentyll helwed
Quyckly from the body take the herwed
Sheldes fell clouen a two
And many a stede stycked also
Many a knyght lost his harnes
And many a stede dreme theyr tharnes
And many a doughty man saunce fayle
Was slayne in that batayle
But Rycharde our kynge was seke tho
All crystendome to moche wo

He myght not his body stere
Though his paulyon had ben in fyre
Thei for the kynge of fraunce made a crye
Amonge the crysten company
That they ne sholde for dethes doute
Not passe theyr close dyche aboute
But holde them all within
That the sarasynes sholde them not wyn
And tho that were in I come
Of sarasynes they were I nome
And hastely done to dede
For them yede no raunson to mede
Whyle kynge Rycharde so syke lay
The reason I you tell may
For the trauayll of the le
And stronge ayre of that countre
And for vnkynde stynte and hete
And mete and drynke was not swete,
To his body that he there fonde
As it was in englonde
Kynge Rycharde his men bad seche
For some wyse clerke and certayne leche
Crysten or elles sarasyne
For to loke his byrthe
And eueryche sayd his aduysle
But there was none of them wyse
That myght his sorowe sele
Or of his payne hym relese
Soz was the folke englysshe
For theyr lord laye in grete anguysshe
For kynge Rycharde laye so soze syke
All aboute they gan seke

Kynge R.



G.iii.

On knees prayed the crysten hoost
To the fader and sone and holy goost
Nyght and daye with good entent
That Rycharde myght haue amendement
Thozugh the byddynge of our lady dere
Her blessyd sone herde her prayere
Thozugh his grace and vertue
He tourned out of his ague
To mete had he no sauour
To wyne ne water ne to no lycour
But after porke he was alonged
Though all his men sholde be honged
They ne myght in that countree
Neyther for golde nor for fee
No porke fynde take ne gete
That kynge Rycharde myght ete
A noble knyght was with our kynge
Whan he wyll of that tydynge
That Rychardes maners were syche
To the stwarde he sayd pryuelyche
Our lord lyeth loze seke I wys
After porke he alonged is
And ye ne may none fynde to sell
No man be so hardy to tell
And yf he do he may dye
Ye must as I you saye
That he knowe not of that
Take a sarasyn ponge and fat
And in haste that deed he slawe
And his heed of hym be fawe
And soden full hastely
With good powder and spycery

And with good saffron of good colour
Whan kynge Rycharde feleth the sauour
Out of the ague yf he be wente
He shall haue therto good talente
Whan he hath therof a taste
And eten a good repaste
And supped of the brothe a sope
And slepe thereafter and swete a drope
Thozugh goddes helpe and my counsaile
Soone he shall be hole without fayle
The sothe to saye at wordes fewe
Slayne and soden was that Chyewe
Befoze Rycharde it was brought
Quod his folke we haue porke sought
Aryse and suppe of the brothe sote
Thozugh goddes myght it shall be bote
Befoze the kynge kerued a knyght
He ete faster than he kerue myght
Kynge Rycharde knewe the flesche fro þ bones
And dranke ryght well after for the nones
And whan he had eten I nowe
He laye styll and dreme in his arme
His chamberlayne couered hym warme
He laye and slepte and swette a stounde
Soone he became hole and sounde
Whan he awoke he arose
And romed aboute in the close
And all the folke hym shewed
Glad was bothe lerned and lewed
And thanked Ihesu and Mary
That he was cut of his maladye

Kynge R.



G. liii.

The sarasynes spedde With all theyr myght
The dyche to wynne With all theyr myght
The barbycanes they felde downe
And had yngh entred and in I come
Whan kynge Rycharde that tydynge herde
As a wodde man tho he sterre ferde
And he armed hym in his armour
For loue of cryst our sauour
To fyght I haue grete delyte
With houndes that wylleth vs despyte
Now I me fele hole and lyght
This daye shall I proue my myght
Yf I am stronge as I was before
And yf I can dele strokes grete store
All that I mete I shall fele
Suche a dole I shall them dele
That for the loue of theyr mahon
They shall haue theyr waryson
He was armed to all ryghtes
With hym his fote men squyers & knyghtes
And the crysten all by dene
Wonder it was that hoost to sene
The sothe to saye and not to lye
Of sarasynes were twyes so manye
Before wente his templers
His gascoynes and his olpytals
Our kynge amonge the sarasynes rode
To some he gaue full grete lode
A kynge he hyt aboue the shelde
That helme & heed flowe in the felde
Another he hath a stroke I raught
All his harneys halpe hym naught

To the ladyll he cleft the feth
All that he smote it wente to erth
Blythe was the crysten fela wrede
Of kynge Rycharde and of his dede
For none armure withstode his are
No more than a knyfe doth the waxe
Whan the sowdan sawe them so stronge
He sayd the deuyll was them anionge
For downe ryght there he slewe
With all his hoost he hym withdrewe
And fledde with all his baronage
In to towne men call it cage
And certes all the rerewarde
Were slayne by kynge Rycharde
The sarasynes that in Acris ware
Were anoyed and full of care
Whan they sawe the sowdan flee
And kynge Rycharde downe ryght flee
Thus all daye tyll it was nyght
They and the crysten kepte fyght
At euen whan the sonne was set
Euery man drewe to his reset
The crysten bothe pooze and ryche
Wente within theyr close dyche
To reste them for they were wery
And kynge Rycharde let make a crye
Trusty folke that myght the pales kepe
Whyle that other lye and slepe
The sarasynes that were withoute
Of kynge Rycharde they had grete doute
For he had the pryse I wonne
A waye they rode and swythe conne

That myght flee and them hyde
There they durste not abyde
Of the space of ten englyshe myle
Whan Rycharde had rested a whyle
A knyght his harneys gan unlace
Hym to comfozte and to solace
Hym was brought a soppe in wyne
The heed of the wylde swyne
He sayd fayne I wolde I had
For I am feble feynt and mad
Of myn euyll I am fere
Therwith serue me at my soupere
Quod the coke the heed I ne haue
Than sayd Rycharde so god me saue
But I se the heed of the swyne
Forsoch thou shalte soone lese thyne
The coke sa we none other myght be
He fet the heed and let hym se
He fell on knees and made a crye
Lo the heed here Rycharde mercy
The blacke bylage whan Rycharde sa we
His blacke berde his tethe whyte as snawe
He began to laugh as he were wood
What is sarasynes fleshe so good
And neuer before I it wylste
By goddes deth and his vpryste
Shall we neuer dye for defaute
Whyle we may in assaute
Sice sarasynes and the fleshe take
Welshethe them and bake
Gnawe the fleshe fro the bones
Now I haue assayed them ones

For hunger or we be to woo
And my folke shall ete moo
On the morowe without fayle
The cyte he began to assaile
The sarasynes myght not endoure
They fledde in to the hye toure
And cryed trews and plement
To kynge Rycharde that was so gent
And also to the kynge of fraunce
And bad mercy without dystaunce
Anone stode vp syr latemere
And cryed lowde with voyce clere
He sayd here good lordynges
For I you bypunge good tydynges
That syr Salandyn sente by me
He wolde that Acris yelded be
And Iherusalem in to your honde
And lurrey all the londe
To flomordan the water clere
For two thousande besauntes by yere
And yf ye wyll not so noze
Ye shall haue peas for euermore
So that ye make the kynge of surrye
Markys feraunt of grete maystrye
For he is the strongest man I wys
Of crystendome or of hethenys
Than answered kynge Rycharde
Thou lyeth he sayd false co warde
In euery gaderynge a prele
Markys is a false traytour and a lese
He hath whyted Salandynes honde
To be kynge of surrey londe

And by the kynge in crynryte
That traytour shall it neuer be
He was crysten by my faders dayes
And syth he hath renyed his layes
And is become a saraspyne
God gyue hym well euyl pyne
He is worse than an hounde
He robbed syxty thousande pounde
Out of the holy holpytallers honde
That my fader sente in to this londe
That men cleped kynge Harry
Crysten men to gouerne by
I byd hym hys out of this hoost
For I swere by the holy goost
And by Mary that bare Ihesus
I ynd: I that traytour amonge vs
Ocher by nyght or by daye
With horse he shall be drawe I saye
Than answered the kynge of fraunce
To kynge Rycharde without dystaunce
Ouffre syr beus amys
Thou doost wronge by saynt denys
That thou chyetenest that markys
That neuer dyde the amys
Yf he haue done ony thyng yll
He shall amende it at thy wyll
I am his borowe lo here my gloue
Receyue it for my loue
Ray quod Rycharde by god my lord
I shall neuer with hym accorde
Had neuer ben lost Acrys towne
Ne had ben thozugh his tresowne

He yelde agayne my faders tresour
And Iherusalem with grete honour
And than my wrathe I hym forgyue
And neuer elles whyle I lyue
The kynge of fraunce was wo therfore
And he ne durst speke no more
For euer he couted dentes harde
To vnderfonge of kynge Rycharde
Whan the latemere herde this
That kynge myght not be syr markys
He layd here good lordynges
For I haue brought you other tydynges
That moche more is to your wyll
Yf ye wyll let our people passe stryll
With lyfe and lynne bonde and arme
Without dence and without harme
We shall yelde you the towne
And the holy crosse with grete renoune
And syxty thousande prysoners therto
And an hondred thousande besauntes & mo
And haue ye shall also therein
Ryche tresour and moche wyne
Helmes hauberkys syxty thousande & mo
And other ryches ye may fynde also
Where I now and other tresore
For your hoost seuen yere and more
And yf that ye wyll not thus fonge
We may holde you out longe
And euer to fynde one of our
For to flee ten of your
For we haue without fable
Syxty thousande men defensible

And we beseeche you for the loue of god
That ye will take your bode
That ye the tresour moze and lasse
And let vs quykly awaye passe
Than answered kynge Rycharde
In my halfe I graunte that forwarde
With that ye will vs quykly inlate
It shall be done they layd by yate
They let hym in soone anone
And kynge Rycharde toke them euerychone
And to pryson put them thore
yonge and olde lesse and moze
There myght none out of Accrys towne
Tyll payed was that raunsowne
And the holy crosse therewith
Or they must haue peas and gryth
There was founde many hoordes
That was departed amonge lordes
Strype there was at theyr comynge
But the best tresour had our kynge
The crysten prysoners of Accrys towne
Kynge Rycharde gaue clothe grete foylowne
Mete and drynke and armes bryght
And made them full fresche in fyght
And toke them to his partyse
To auenge god of his enemyse
Kynge Rycharde in Accrys had nome
Of sarasynes that theder were come
That were goddes enemyse
Hardy knyghtes of grete pryse
Of hethenes of grete lordynges
Dukes prynces sones of kynges

And admyralles and many a noble man
Theyr names I ne tell can
In pryson they lay bounde faste
To the sowdan they sente in haste
And sayd we bere so many chaynes
And these men done vs so many paynes
We may neyther syt nor lye
But ye vs out of pryson bye
And with raunsom helpe and bozowe
We shall dye or the thyrde morowe
The ryche sowdan was wo therfor
Knyghtes prynces well two scoze
Many an admyrall and many a lord
Sayd we rede that ye make accorde
With kynge Rycharde tharls stronge
To delyuer our chyldren out of wronge
That they ne be hanged ne drawe
Of trefour Rycharde wyll be full fawe
That our chyldren may come home all
Charge mewles hozles by your counsall
Of bryght golde and of bawdkyne
For our eyres to make fyne
Men saye englyshe men loue gyftes
Of golde well thyrty mennes lyftes
Were layde on mewles and on rabyte
Thyrty erles clothed in samyte
That were well auysed of tonge
To kynge Rycharde that trefour brynge
All to Acrys they it brought
On knees of grace they besought
Our sowdan sendeth the this trefore
And wyll be thy frende euer more

For the prysoners that thou hast nyne
And let them go with lyfe and lyme
Out of thy prysoun thou them lete
That no man flee them ne bete
For all they ben doughty bassalles
Kynge's sones and admyralles
The best doyng at this tyme
That now ben in all saraspyne
And our hoost moost trusteth to
And Salandyn loueth them also
Not for a thousande pounde of golde
None of them he lese wolde
Kynge Rycharde spake wordes mylde
That golde to take cryste me chyld
Amonge you parte euery dele I charge
For I brought in chypes and in barge
More golde and syluer with me
Than your lord and suche thre
Of his trelour I haue no nede
But for my loue I you bede
To mete with me that ye dwell
And afterwarde I shall you tell
Thorough counseyll I shall gyue answer
What worde ye shall to your lord bere
They graunted hym with good wyll
Kynge Rycharde cleped his maryschall styll
And toke hym to counseyll alone
I shall the tell what thou shalte done
Pruely go vnto the prysowne
Take the saraspynes of grete renoune
And tho that ben of rychest kyn
Pruely flee them therin

And oꝝ the hedes be of smyten
Loke euery name be wyȝten
Upon a scoze of parchemyn
Than bere the hedes to the kechyn
In to a caudron let them be caste
And byd the coke sethe them faste
And loke that he the here of stryppe
Of heed and berde and of lyppe
Whan we be set and holde ete
Loke that ye not foȝete
Serue them in this maner
To lye euery heed in a platter
And bynȝe them foȝth in your honde
The bysage bpwarde the tethe greuonde
And loke they be no thyng e raue
His name fastened aboute the bꝛawe
What he hyght and of what kyn I boze
And an hote heed bynȝe me befoze
As I were well apayed withall
Faste therof ete I shall
As it were of tender chyke
Foȝ to se how the sarasynes it lyke
The marysshall so sayth our geste
Anone dyde kyng Rycharde heste
Anone the waytes to mete blewe
The messengers no thyng knewe
Of Rycharde lawe ne of his custome
Quod he frendes ye be welcome
To them he was well compenable
They were set at hye table
Salte was set but no bꝛede
Neither wyne whyte noȝ rede

Kyng R.



R.i.

The sarasynes gan faste stare
And thought how shall we fare
Kyngge Rycharde was set on the dese
With dukes erles proude in prese
fro kechyn came the fyrste course
With trumppettes pypes and tabours
The stewart to well good yeme
To serue kyngge Rycharde well to queme
Leste after mete tyde ony harme
A sarasynes heed anone all warme
He brought to kyngge Rycharde not cleuede
The name I wyten on the forhe de
Alwaye an heed byt wene two
The messengers were serued tho
In the forhe de wyten the name
Therof they had all grame
But whan the names they seen
The teres ran out of theyr eyen
Whan they the letters radde
For to be slayne they were adradde
Kyngge Rycharde his eyen to them drewe
And sawe how they chaunged hewe
For theyr frendes they syghed sore
That they had lost for euermore
Of theyr kynne and blode they were
Tho that myght euill forbere
Made wellsoy chere
And rewed the tyme that they came there
Kyngge Rycharde behelde them well
How that they ete no morcell
The knyght that sholde Rycharde serue
With a knyfe he gan the heed carue

Kynge Rycharde ete With herte good
The sarasynes wende that he were wood
Eucryche sate styll and plucked other
And sayd this is the deuylls brother
That sleeth our men and thus eteth
But kynge Rycharde not forgeteth
Aboute hym he loked yerne
With wrothe semblaunt and with sterne
The messengers tho he badde
For my loue be you gladde
And loke ye be well at ease set
Why kerue ye not of your mete
And ete faste as I do
Tell me why ye loue so
The messengers soze quoke
They ne durst speke ne loke
In to the erthe they wolde haue copen
For to haue ben slayne they hopen
They answered hym neuer a worde
Quod Rycharde bere fro the boorde
The mete that ye befoze them set
And other mete ye them fet
Men brought brede without boost
Uenyson cranes and roost
Pyment clare and drynke of the best
Kynge Rycharde had be mery his gest
There was none of them that ete lyst
Kynge Rycharde theyr thought well wyste
And sayd frendes be not squemous
This is the maner of my hous
To be serued fyrst god it wote
With a sarasynes heed all hote

Kynge R.



R. II.

But your maner not I knewe
As I am a kynge crysten and trewe
But ye shall be in certayne
All safe to wende home agayne
For I ne wolde for no thyng
That worde of me sholde spryng
That I were so bylayne of maners
For to mysdo messengers
Tho they had eten and cloth folde
Kynge Rycharde gan them to beholde
On knees they asked leue to gone
That on message theder come
I dare well saye by saynt Iohn
They had leuer haue ben at home
With wyfe chylde and theyr kynde
Than all the good that was in ynde
Kynge Rycharde spake to an olde man
Wende home and tell thy sowdan
His malyncoly that he abbate
And also saye ye come to late
So slowly was the message gessed
Or that ye came the fleshe was dresed
That men sholde therwith serue me
Thus at none and all my meyne
And saye hym it shall not auayle
Ayenst vs to gyue batayle
Bede myne fleshe fyssh and kunger
We wyll neuer dye for hunger
Whyle that we may wende to fyght
And see the sarasynes downe ryght
Washe thy fleshe sethe and brethyn
With one sarasyn I may well fedyn

Mell an nyne or an ten
Of my good englyshe men
Kynge Rycharde sayd I you wraunt
There is no flesche so nourysaunt
To none englyshe crysten man
Partryche heron fesaunt ne swan
Cowe ne oxe shepe ne swyne
Than is the flesche of a sarasyn
For they ben bothe fat and tender
And my men lene and sclender
But whyle that ony sarasynes be
Alyue in this countree
For mete wyll we not care
Aboute shall we faste fare
And euery daye we wyll ete
As many as we may gete
In to Englonde wyll we not gone
Tyll they be eten euerychone
The messengers home dyde tourne
Before the souldan they dyde mourne
The elder knyght tolde the souldan
That kynge Rycharde was a noble man
And sayd lord I the warne
In the worlde is none so sterne
On knees we tolde hym our tale
But it vs ne auayled no gale
Of our golde wolde he none
He sware he had better wone
Of ryche tresour than hast thou
To vs sayd I gyue it you
Tresour golde cloth of pall
Parte it amonge you all

Kynge. R.



R. III.

To mete badde vs abyde
We were set at a boorde hym besyde
That stode Rychardes table nygh
But none of vs befoze hym sygh
No brede whyte ne soure
But salte and none other lycoure
What mese fyrst befoze hym came
Well I behelde the seruyse than
A knyght brought fro the kechyn
An heed soden of a sarasyn
Without here in a platter brode
His name befoze his heed stode
Was wyten aboute his eyen
He nedeth not for to lye
What heed it was my felawe dyde aske
It was the sowdan sone of damaske
And lorde as we set in fere
We were I serued in manere
Euer an heed bytwene twaye
Forsothe than wende we to dye
There came bytwene my felowe & me
The kynges sone of rube
His of peres that late me by
The thyrde was of samary
The fourth was of aufcryke
For sorowe tho gan we syke
Our hertes tho brake nye asonder
Lorde yet mayst thou here no wonder
Befoze kyng Rycharde a knyght in haste
Carued hym of the heed and he ete faste
With his tethe he grynded flesche harde
And as a wood man tho he farde

With his eyen stepe and grym
He spake and we behelde hym
He sayd we sholde go safe and quyte
For no man shall do you dyspyte
He the sendeth redy answere
O that we myght come there
Men of our kynde were I name
And gyneth not though thou ware drawe
And hyde thy stoze frome his hooft
For he sayth his men make theyr boost
That he ne shall let one a lyue
In all his londe chylde ne wyue
But flee all that he may fynde
Sethe the fleshe & with tethe grynde
Hunger shall them none ayle
In to englonde wyll they not sayle
Tyll they haue made playne warke
His clothes of golde and his sarke
Salandyn rent tho with Ire
Kynges prynces and many a syre
Sayd alas that they were bozne
For now we be all forlorne
For they were wyght men and stronge
Well alwaye we lyue to longe
Alas that we thus be begone
Now that Rycharde hath Acrys wonne
He hath ment yf he go forth
To wyne east west south and north
And ete our chyl dren and vs
Lorde Sa!andyn what redest thou vs
Sende to hym and besече them este
For them that ben on lyue lefte
To let them go yf that he wolde

Kynge R.



R. iiii

Gyue hym suche for he wyl no golde
Ryche medes for the nones
Of good perles and precyous stones
Charged full many a cofer
Yf that he wyl than hym profer
For to forsake Ihesu and Mary
Thou whyte hym gyue londe a grete party
To be in peas and let be warre
Syth he is come so farre
Thou wylte not that he his trauayll lese
Graunte hym selfe to come and chese
Tho londes that hym lyketh beste
And make hym sowdan after heste
After thy selfe and rycheeste kynge
Conferme it hym and his of pryng
And yf it be that he wyl so
Swythe in peas he come the to
And thou shalte forgyue hym thy malatent
Though he haue thy folke shent
And as thy broder thou loue and kyle
In warre to be bolde and wyle
Of all the worlde to wyne the pryse
And so shall ye leue and be frendes
With Joye to your lyues endes
Salandyng by his sergeauntes
Sente kynge Rycharde his presauntes
And besought hym for shame
That he hath to estage tame
And yf he wolde his god forsake
And mahowne to his lord take
Of surrey he wyl make the kynge
And of egypte that ryche thyng

Of darres and of babyloyne
Of arres and of susoyne
Of aufryke and of bogye
Of all the londes of alyxsaundrye
Of grece and eke of tyre
And of many an other empyre
And make he wyl the sowdan anone
Of all ynde to prester Johan
Kynge Rycharde answered the messengers
Iye on you foule losengers
You and Salandyn your lord
The deuyl you hange with a corde
Go swythe and save Salandyne
That he make to morowe a fyne
For all his dogges in hostage
Or they shall dye on euyl rage
And yf I may haue a fewe yere
Of all the londes that ye reken here
I shall not leue halfe a fote
So god do my foule bote
I wyl not leue my lordes lawe
Of all the londes vnder heuen ahowe
And but I haue the rode to morowe
His men shall dye with sorowe
They answered at the forme
They wylte not where it was become
Quod kynge Rycharde syth it is so
I wote well what I haue to do
Your sowdan is not so slye
So queyntly to blere myn eye
He cleped his knyghtes anone
And bad them to Acrys gone

Kynge R.



L.l.

And take of sarasynes sixty thousandes
And knytte behynde them theyr hondes
And lede them out of the cyte
And smyte of theyr hedes without pyte
And saye I shall teche Salandyn
To praye me to lyue on oppolyn
They were brought out of the towne
Saue twenty he helde at raunswone
They were brought in to a place euen
Than harde Rycharde an aungell of heuen
That sayd seygnyours tues tues
Spare them nought behede all these
Kynge Rycharde herde the aungelles boyle
He thanked god and the holy croys
They were beheded hastelyche
And I caste into a dyche
Thus kynge Rycharde wan Acrys
God graunte vs all his swete blys
His doughty dedes who wyll here
Lysten now to me with good chere

Pet of an other batayll/and how kynge Ry-
charde wan it/ & also wan the cyte of arlour.

It was before saynt James tyde
Whan the foules began to chyde
Kynge Rycharde wente forth a pace
Towarde the cyte of cayface
Euer forth by the maryne
By the ryuer of chaylyne
Salandyn that herde tell
And came pryckynge after snell



With syxty thousande sarasynes stronge
 And thought to do the crysten wronge
 He ouertoke the rerewarde
 And there began a batayll harde
 Hastely swerdes they drewe
 And many a crysten they slewe
 Unarmed was the rerewarde
 And fledde in haast to kynge Rycharde
 Whan kynge Rycharde herde this
 That the sarasynes slewe men of his
 On fauell of sypres he late falowe
 That was swyfte as ony swalowe
 The kynges baner was on felde
 The sarasynes theron behelde
 Whan they the baner myght see
 All they began for to flee

Kynge R.



L.ii.

Kynge Rycharde after gan ryde
And they tourned at that tyde
And smote togyder with grete randowne
As the worlde sholde fall downe
Kynge Rycharde befoze smote
With his axe that bytter bote
He them to he wed and to carfe
Many a sarasyn vnder his honde starfe
And many one I tell you syker
Hente theyr dethe in that beker
Thozugh a carre of Hoberte ganter
That was set in the myze
The carter lost his honde ryght
There was slayne many a knyght
For that harneys kepte men fourty
And therof was slayne thyrty
For Salandynes sones theder came
And the harneys them bename
Kynge Rycharde hyed hym thederwarde
To reicowe his rerewarde
Yet almoost he came to late
And that was sene therate
In honde he helde his axe good
Many a sarasyn he let blode
There was none armure becamment
That mygh withstonde his dente
And the longe spaye that tyde
Fought ryght well on euery syde
That downe it wente all that he smote
With his swerde that bytter bote
And the batayll was doutous
And to our men full peryllous

For the hete was so stronge
And the dust rose them amonge
And haue set the crysten honde
That they fell deed on the sonde
Who dyed for here at shorte wordes
Than for dente of spere and swerdes
Kynge Rycharde was almoost atteynt
And in the pouder well nygh adreyn
Upon his knees he gan downe fall
Helpe of Jhesu he gan for to call
For loue of his moder marye
And as I fynde in his stoye
He sawe come saynt George the knyght
Upon a stede was good and lyght
In armes that were whyte as floure
With a crosse of reed coloure
All that he mette in that stounde
Hors and man he felde to grounde
Anone the wynde gan were lyght
And sterne strokes he gan dyght
Whan kynge Rycharde sawe that syght
In his herte he wexed good and lyght
And egerly as a lyon without fayle
The sarasynes he began to assaile
And than braundys the lumbarde
Roberte turnam and kynge Rycharde
All tho that ayenst them gan dyspue
Soone they berefte them theyr lyue
The sarasynes fledde to reloth
To the mount of Nazareth
They were so hyed at the spoze
That moche of theyr folke they loze

Kynge R.



L.iii.

And kynge Rycharde wente a pace
Unto the cyte of cayface
And thanked the kynge of gloze
Of that grace and of that byctoye
And all they made grete solace
For the wyynnynge of cayface
Now as this was a gracypous dede
Lysten now how I shall you rede
Soone on the morowe he let crye
That all his hoost sholde hye
Towarde the cyte of palestyne
Euer forth by the maryne
Theyr pauplyons gan they tell
And to longe there dyde they dwell
For to abyde theyr vytayle
That came by water saunce fayle
Certes that was the worste dwellynge
That euer dwelled Rycharde our kynge
Therwhyles the souldan Salandyne
Sente after many a sarasyn
To bete downe the castell
That was cleped meruell
And the castell calafyn
That was made of good engyn
Of sezar they felde the wall
And toure of arloure all
Jasse castell they bette a downe
And the good castell tozowne
Castell pylgryn they felde there
And the good castell lassere
The castell of saynt George derayne
They bette downe and made all playne

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The walles they felde of Iherusalem
And eke the walles of Bedlem
Maydens castell they let stonde
And the castell of aukes londe
By tho costes no moze they let
For Rycharde sholde haue no reset
And whan they had thus I do
Kyngc Rycharde they sente vnto
And sayd they wolde the nexte morowe
Mete hym in the felde with sorowe
The sowdan sayd he wolde to hym redy
yf he durste hym abyde
Under the focest of arloure
He wolde assaile his valoure
Kyngc Rycharde made it not tough
Of that tydynges full loude he lough
Kyngc Rycharde let crye in his hoost
In the name of the holy goost
That they sholde with bygoure
Reste that nyght in arloure
And dyght them all redy than
On the morowe to fyght with the sowdan
On saynt Maryes euen the natyuyte
Thus same batayll sholde be
There was many an hethen man
That with the Salandyn came than
Of ynde of perle of babyloyne
Of araby and of susoyne
Of austyke and of vorge
Of all the londe of alysaundre
Of grete grece and of tyze
Of many an other ryche empyre

Kyngc R.



L.iii.

Of mo londes than ony man can tell
Saue he that made bothe heuen and hell
That nyght was Rycharde befoze arloure
Under the fozeft of lyloure
With hym there were of Englonde
Nyght knyghtes doughty of honde
Moche frensche folke and templers
Gascynes and eke hospytals
Of prouaunce, a fayre company
Of poyle and of lumbarde
Of gene of sylsle and of costan
There was many a doughty man
Of estryche and of almayne
That well coude fyght in a playne
Of crysten knyghtes that were hende
The fayres hoost to the worldes ende
And ye shall here as it is wyten
How that the batayll was I smyten
Salandyn came by a mountayne
And ouerspradde hyll and playne
Syrti thousande sayd the spyre
Came in the fyrste company
With longe speres and hys stedes
Of golde and syluer was theyr wedes
Fyfty thousande came afterwarde
Of sarasynes stoute and harde
With many a pensell and sylklatone
And of sendell byght and browne
After came fyue and fyfty thousande
With Salandyn on stedes rounde
They came armed from fote to hede
In full good harness as I rede

Thre thousande turkoys came at the last
With bowe turkeys and arblast
A thousande tabourers and mo
All at ones they smote tho
That all the erth quaked vnder
There men myght se grete wonder
Now speke we of Richard our kynge
How he came with his gynnes to batayllynge
He was armed in spentes of stele
And sate vpon his good stede fauele
Well hym'loued baron and knyght
For he coude well ordayne a fyght
The fyrst batayle to the templers
He gaue oute the hospytals
And he bad them go out in goddes name
The deuyll to chenshypp and to shame
Jakes denys and Joh' denes
Befoze wente in that pres
In the worlde there ne were
Better knyghtes than they were
Forth they prycked full hardly
With knyghtes thousandes twenty
And they sarasynes soone they mette
With grymly launces they them grette
Many a sarasyne had theyr fyn
That wente to theyr god appolyn
And tho that were slayne of our
Wente to Ihesu cryst our sauyour
Jakes denys was a good knyght
To flee the sarasynes he dyde his myght
He prycked befoze his folke to rathe
With his two sones that was skathe

Thre thousande turkes come with boost
Bytwene Jakes and his boost
There myght no knyght come hym to
For no thyng that they myght do
Neyther he myght not withdraue
For the people of the hethen lawe
It was scathe by Jhesu cryste
That kynge Rycharde therof not wylste
For he was yet all behynde
For to ordeyne twenty thousande
Tho sholde the duke of burgoyne
Lede and the erle of coloyne
Thus they came and dyde theyr deuere
Aynst the hethen pantenere
And Jakes and his sones two
Almost were slayne tho
They layde on euery syde ryght
And slewe the sarasynes with myght
Twenty Jakes slewe & eyther of his sones ten
Of the crewell hethen men
Ten syth his hoys was felde
And euer he couered hym with his shelde
He had no helpe of his templers
Nor of none of his hospytals
Neuertheles doughtely he faught
The sarasynes yet felde hym naught
Well he layde on with sworde
And euer he cryed Jhesu lorde
I shall dye for thy loue
Receyue my soule to heuen aboue
The sarasyn layde ou with theyr mase
And all to frusched hym in the face

Hyin and his two sones bothe
Kynge Rycharde therfore was wrothe
But whan kynge Rycharde herde this
That deed was Jakes denys
Alas he sayd this is wronge
That I haue byd behynde so longe
He smote fauell with spozes of golde
Come after hym who so wolde
A launce in his honde he helde
Therwith he smote an admyrall in the shelde
The denre smote thozugh the hethen harte
I vnderstande he gan to smarte
Kynge Rycharde his honde withdrew
And with his launce a kynge he slewe
And so he dyde an admyrable
And fyue dukes without fayle
All that he raught with his launce selue
Kynge Rycharde therwith slewe kynges twelue
The .xiii. knyght vnto the chynne he kerfe
The launce brake the sarasyns sterfe
His axe frome the arson he drew
And many a sarasyn therwith he slewe
He smote some on the shulder bone
And carued them to the sadell anone
And some he pared the crowne
That they ne helped mahowne
There was no armure made with honde
That myght Rychardes axe withstonde
Of my tale be not awondred
The frensche sayd he slewe an hondred
Wherof is made this englyshe sawe
O he rested hyni ony thrawe

Hym folowed many an englyſhe knyght
That egerly helped hym to fyght
And layde on as they were wode
Tyll valeys ranne all on blode
The ſaralyneſ layd in theyr pauplyons
That the cryſten faced as lyons
And that Rycharde with theyr folke fares
As hende grehoundes do with hares
Upon theyr ſtedes tho they lepte
Swardes and ſperes to them they grepte
Many a man there flee other
And many a ſaralyne his brother
And many of the hethen houndes
With theyr tethe gnewe the groundes
And by the blode vpon the gras
Men myght ſe where Rycharde was
Brayne and blode he ſhedde I now
Many an hors his guttes drowe
There was many an emty ſadell
It bewepete the chylde in the cradell
He thought to reſcowe Jakes Denayne
But oz he came he was ſlayne
For he and his ſones anone
Were all to fruſſhe fleſſhe and bone
Yet had he them to his pauplyowne
In deſpyte of theyr god mahowne
Tho fought Rycharde on euery ſyde
The ſaralyneſ durſt hym not abyde
Syxty thouſande and ſeuene ſcore
At ones Rycharde droue hym befoze
Up apenſt an hye clyue
They fledde as dere were dzyue

And for the drede of kynge Rycharde
Of the cefe they fell downe warde
And all to brake hoys and man
That neuer came to lyue ayan
That sawe the sowdan Salandyne
He was syker his lyfe to tyne
He lefte his pauplyon and his tent
And fledde awaye vcrament
Than kynge Rycharde sawe hym fleande
He sewed after faste slyngande
To flee the sowdan he had thought
And for he myght ouertake hym nought
And of a foteman a bowe he toke
And drewe it vp to the hoke
And shotte it to the sowdan anone
And smote hym thozugh the shulder bone
Thus the sowdan with doloure
Fledde frome the batayll of arsure
Syxty thousande there were slawe
Sarasyne of the hethen lawe
And of crysten but ten scoze
Blessyd be Jhesu cryste therfore
Kynge Rycharde toke his pauplyons
Of sendell and of sylke latons
They were shapen with caruelles
Of golde and syluer were theyr penselles
Many was the noble Jeste
Was theron paynted of wylde beste
Cygres dragons lyons and lybarde
And this wonne good kynge Rycharde
Bounde in cofers and grete males
He gate therwith out tales

Flozynes befauntes and whyte tozneys
Sylke sampte and eke sarlyneys
Of tresour they had so moche wonne
That they ne wiste where it to done
Kyng Rycharde with grete honour
Wente to the cyte of arloure
And rested hym there all nyght
And thanke Ihesu crystes myght
On the morowe kyng Rycharde arofe
His dedes were ryche and his lose
Of naples he cleped syr ganter
That was his mayster hospytaller
And bad hym take with hym knyghtes
Stoute in armes stronge in fyghtes
And go ye the flede to
There the batayll had ben do
And lede Jakes the barowne
In to Iherusalem towne
And bury hym in the erth rychely
For he was a man full worthy
Anone it was done without cheste
Hastely kyng Rychardes heste
And thus kyng Rycharde wan arlour
God gyue his soule grete honour
Fro thens he wente ryght sone
Towarde the cyte of babylone

How kyng Rycharde assyged the cyte
of babyloyne and how he wan it / & of two
deuylls / that one in lykenes of mare / &
that other in lykenes of a colte / wherof
sowdan sente the colte to kyng Rycharde.



The chefe sowdan of hethenys
 To babyloyn he was flowen Jwoys
 After his counseyll he sente that tyme
 That theder came many a paynyni
 An hondzed thousande that day was telde
 Of spoies of golde in the felde
 Without all that other putayle
 That theder came without fayle
 For so he sayd that was the spye
 That tolde folke on bothe partye
 Foure hondzed thousande of hethen men
 To batayll had the sowden
 Now herken and it be your wyll
 The wordes that I shall saye you tyll
 There men loueth trouth and ryght
 Euer god sendeth strength and myght

That was there full well sene.
Of our crysten men I wene
There was no mo in boke I founde
In all but foure scoze thousande
Kynge Rycharde. xxx. thousande ladde
For Phelyp of fraunce & his men were baddi
Fyfty thousande ledde he
By the one syde of that cyte
To kepe with the sarasynes stoute
Was none so bolde that durst come out
For Rycharde on that other syde laye
On batayll redy euery daye
With spyngelles and with mangelles
With many arowes and quarelles
Faste they slange harde stones
Bekerynge with them for the nones
There was no sarasyne so stoute
That ones the wall durst loke out
The cyte was so stronge within
That no man myght to them wynn
The stronge gynnes for the nones
To breke the walles with the stones
Theyr gates and theyr barbycan
And be ye sure many a hethen man
Made them counter harde and stronge
And many a man was slayne amonge
Of the crysten was many slayne
But on the frensche fell the moost payne
For had kynge Phyllyp trewe be
All the syege of that cyte
There ne had scaped no man
Hei, en kynge ne lordan

That ne had be slayne downe ryght
For Rycharde euer vpon the nyght
Whan they were gone to theyr reste
With his men he was full prest
And gaue them batayll full smarte
That no man myght haue starte
And slewe them downe grete plente
And wylde fyre they caste in to the cyte
The sarasynes defended them faste
With bowe turkeys and with arblaste
Full harde fyght was them byt wene
So they sayd that dyde it sene
Quarelles and arowes so thynke dyde flye
As doth the rayne that falleth fro the skye
And the wylde fyre the folke gan bren
A counseyll toke the hethen men
To fyght with them vpon the felde
They wolde not the cyte yelde
Up stode theyr latemere on the wall
And cryed vnto the folke all
And asked trues of Rycharde there
But he wolde not graunt in no manere
And with hym myght he not spede
To take trues for no nede
Raye certes sayd Rycharde than
Tyll I haue slayne the sowdan
And all that ben in that cyte
The latemere tho tourned his eye
To that other syde of the towne
And cryed trues with grete sowne
To the ryche kynge of fraunce
And he graunted with myschaunce

Kynge R.



M.1.

For a porcyon of golde
And elles had the cyte be yolde
And the sarasynes all I slayne
But the sowdan was full fayne
And all his folke on Rycharde fyll
For that other syde was all styll
Rycharde wende Phyllyp had fought
And he and his men dyde nought
But made mery all that nyght
And were traytours in that syght
For he loued no crownes to crake
But to do treason and tresour take
The kynge of fraunce to Rycharde sende
That they myght them no lenger defende
For hunger of hym and his men also
He must breke spege and awaye go
Full wrothe was kynge Rycharde than
And sayd to that cursed false man
For couetyse and for tresoure
He doth hym selfe dyshonoure
That he shall sarasynes respyte gyue
It is harme that suche men lyue
He breke spege and dyde withdraue
Of tresour and ryches he was fawe
Grette Joye the sarasynes made amonge
With claryons trumpettes & mery songe
The nexte daye after than
Messengers came fro the sowdan
And grette kynge Rycharde in this manere
And sayd yf thy wyll it were
My lord the sowdan to the sente
Yf thou wylte graunte in presente

Thou arte stronge of flesche and bones
And he is doughty for the nones
Thou dost hym grete harme he sayes
And dystroyest all his countreyes
And fleest his men and etest amonge
All that thou doost is wronge
And thou crauest herytage in this londe
But he doth the to vnderstonde
That thou therto haste no ryght
Thou sayest thy god is full of myght
Wylte thou graunte with spere and shelde
To detreyue the ryght in the felde
With helme hauberke and brondes bryght
On stronge stedes good and lyght
Whether ben of more power
Thy god almyghty or Jupyter
And he me sente to saye this
Yf thou wylte haue an hors of his
In all the londes that thou hast gone
Suche ne sawest thou neuer none
Fauell of lypres ne lyarde of pryys
Ben not at nede as he is
And yf thou wylet this same daye
He shall be brought the to assaye
Rycharde answered thou sayest well
Suche an hors by saynt Myghell
I wolde haue to ryde vpon
For myn ben wery and forgon
And I shall for my lordes loue
That lytteth on hye in heuen aboue
And his owne hors be good
With a spere to shede his blood

Kynge R.



M.ii.

Yf that he wyll I graunte and holde
In that maner that thou hast tolde
As I must to god my soule yelde
I shall mete hym in the felde
Bydde hym sende that hozs to me
And I shall assaye what he be
Yf he be trusty without fayle
I kepe none other to me in batayle
The messengers tho home wente
And tolde the sowdan in presente
That Rycharde in þe felde wolde come hym to
The ryche sowdan badde to come hym vnto
A noble clerke that coude well conioure
That was a mayster nygromansoure
He commaunded as I you tell
Thozugh the fendes myght of hell
Two stronge fendes of the ayre
In lykenes of two stedes fayre
Bothe lyke of hewe and here
As men sayd that there were
No man sawe neuer none syche
That one was a mare I lyche
That other a colte a noble stede
Where that he were in ony mede
Were the knyght neuer so bolde
Whan the mare nye wolde
That sholde hym holde ayenst his wyll
But soone he wolde go her tyll
And knele downe and souke his dame
Therwhyle the sowdan with shame
Sholde kynge Rycharde quell
All this an aungell gan hym tell

That to hym came aboute mydnyght
Awake he sayd goddes knyghtes
My lord doth the to vnderstonde
That the shall come on hors to londe
Fayre it is of body I pyght
To betraye the yf the sowdan myght
On hym to ryde haue thou no drede
For he the helpe shall at nede
Burney the a tree grete and stronge
Though it be fourty fote longe
And trusse it ouerthwarte his mane
All that he meteth shall haue theyr bane
With that tree he shall downe fell
It is a fende as I the tell
Ryde on hym in goddes name
For he may do the no shame
Take a byrdell sayd the aungell
And make it fast on his mussell
And be the byrdell in his mouth
Ryde east weste north and south
He shall the serue at thy wyll
Whan the sowdan shall ryde the tyll
Take here a spere heed of stele
He hath none armure wrought so wele
But it be perysched be thou bolde
Whan the aungell had thus I tolde
In to heuen agayne he wente
On the morowe the hors was to hym sente
Kynge Rycharde of that hors was blythe
He let hym dyght a sadell swythe
Bothe his arlones were of Iren
Bycause they holde well duren

Kynge R.



¶.iii.

With a chayne togyder faste
The byrdell vpon the heed he caste
As the aungell had hym caught
Two good hokes forgate he naught
In his arion he let before
With ware he stopped his eres thore
And layd by the apostelles twelue
Though thou be the deuyll hym selue
Thou shalt me helpe at this nede
Now he that on the rode gan blede
And suffred grymly woundes fyue
And syth he rose from deth to lyue
And after wente to hell
And the fendes myght gan fell
And afterwarde styed in to heuen
God for his names seuen
One god in persones thre
In his name I conuure the
That thou me serue at my wyll
He shoke his heed and stode styll
Kynge Rycharde made hym redy that nyght
On the morowe whan it was lyght
Seuen sowdans with grete route
Of that cyte were sente oute
And bataylled them in theyr araye
Of grete meruayll I wyll you saye
That daye was tolde without lesynge
Of sowdans and of hygh kynges
There were fourty and mo
The leest brought with hym tho
Twenty thousande and ten
Aynst our good crysten men

And euer was twelue of them
Apenst one of our crysten men
Well twelue myle a coost
Laye the sarasynes hoost
The grounde myght vnneth be sene
For bryght armure and speres kene.
They made sheltron & batayll abyde
Messengers bytwene dyde ryde
To kynge Shepp & kynge Rycharde
If they wolde holde forwarde
That they made the daye befoze
The sarasynes ben redy lesse & moze
Foure hondzed thousande there bene
Kynge Rycharde gan loke and sene
Lyke as snowe lyeth on the mountaynes
So were full fylled hylles and playnes
With hawberkes bryght & harneys clere
Of trumpettes and of tabourere
To here the noyse it was grete wonder
As the worlde aboue and vnder
Sholde haue fallen so fared the sowne
Our crysten hoost made them bowne
Kynge Rycharde nothyng them a gadde
To his folke hors and harnes he gradde
He sayd felawes for the rood
Loke ye be of conforthe good
For we gete the pryce this daye
Of hethenes all the noblaye
For euer moze we haue wonne
But he that made mone and sonne
But helpe and gyue vs myght
Beholde how that I shall fyght.

With swerde spere and axe of stele
But I this daye mete hym wele
Euer more fro hens forwarde
Holde me for a feynt coward
But every crysten man and page
Haue to nyght to his wage
An heed of a blacke sarasyn
Thorough goddes helpe and myne
Suche worke I wyll amonge them make
Of tho that I may ouertake
That fro this tyme to domes daye
They shall speke of my paye
Every crysten man was armed wele
Bothe in Iren and eke in stele
The kynge of fraunce with his batayll
Was redy the sarasynes to assayll
And aboue the sarasynes they rode
Sheltrons pyght and batayll abode
And forstopped the londe weyes
That they myght not flee the countreyes
Neither no socoure to them come
But they were slayne or nome
The frenshe men dyde boost make
To flee sarasynes and crownes crake
But in Iestes as it is tolde
There was none of them so bolde
To nygh the sarasynes sheltrone
Tyll kynge Rycharde was I come
Now cometh Rycharde with his hoost
And charged them by an other coost
Bytwene them and the cyte
That none of them myght flee

But they wolde to the ryuer gone
Or elles the crysten sholde them slone
Than had Rycharde hoostes thre
That one gaue assaute to the cyte
The seconde with hym he ladde
To brynge his hors he badde
That the sowdan had hym sente
He sayd with his owne presente
I shall hym mete longe or nyght
He lepte on hors whan it was lyght
Or he in his sadell dyde lepe
Of many thynges he toke kepe
He lacked nought that he ne had
His men brought hym that he bad
A square tree of fourty fete
Befoze his sadell anone he it sete
Faste that they sholde it braise
That it fayled for no case
And so they dyde with hokes of Iren
And good rynges that wolde duren
Other fastenynge none there was
But Iren chaynes for all that cas
And they were wrought full well
Bothe his gythes and his ptytrell
And a queyntyle of the kynges owne
Upon his hors was throwne
Befoze his arson an axe of stele
And on that other syde a maswele
Hymselfe was rychely begone
Frome the cresse ryght to the tone
He was couered wonderfly wele
All with splentes of good stele

Kyng R.



R. i.

And there aboue an hauberke
A shafte he had of trusty werke
Upon his shulder a shelde of stele
With thye lyardes depaynted wele
And helme he had of ryche entayle
Trusty and trewe was his ventayle
Upon his cresse a doue whyte
Sygnyfyaunce of the holy spyryte
Upon a crosse the doue stode
Of golde I wrought ryche and good.
God hym selfe Mary and Iohn
As he was done the rode vpon
In sygnyfyaunce for whome he faught
The spere heed forgate he naught
Upon his shafte he wolde it haue
Goddess name thereon was graue
Now herken what othe he sware
Or they to the batayll wente thare
Yf it were so that Rycharde myght
Slee the sowdan in felde with fryght
At our wyll euerychone
He and his sholde gone
In to the cyte of babyployn
And the kynge of malydoyn
He sholde haue vnder his honde
And yf the sowdan of that londe
Myght slee Rycharde in the felde
With swerde or spere vnder shelde
That crysten men sholde go
Out of that londe for euer mo
And the sarasynes theyr wyll in wolde
Quod kynge Rycharde therto I holde

Therto my gloue as I am knyght
They be armed and redy dyght
Kynge Rycharde to his sadell dyde lepe
Certes who that wolde take kepe
To se that syght it were fayre
Theyr stedes ranne with grete ayre
Also harde as they myght dyre
After theyr fete sprange out fyre
Tabours and trumpettes gan blowe
There men myght se in a thow
How kynge Rycharde that noble man
Encountred with the Sowdan
The chiefe was tolde of Damas
His truste vpon his mare was
And therfore as the boke vs telles
His crouper henge full of belles
And his peytrell and his arlowne
Thre myle men myght here the sowne
His mare nyghed his belles dyde ryng
For grete pryde without lesyng
A faucon brode in honre he bare
For he thought he wolde thare
Haue slayne Rycharde with treasowne
Whan his colte sholde knle downe
As a colte sholde souke his dame
And he was ware of that shame
His eres with waxe were stoppd faste
Therfore Rycharde was not agaste
He stroke the fende that vnder hym mente
And gaue the Sowdan his deth with a dente
In his shelde verament
Was paynted a serpent

Kynge R.



R. R.

With the spere that Rycharde helde
He bare hym thozugh vnder his shelde
None of his armure myght hym laste
Byrdell and peytrell all to braste
His gyzthes and his steropes also
His mare to grounde wente tho
Augre her heed he made her seche
The grounde without moze speche
His fete towarde the fyrmament
Behynde hym the spere out went
There he fell deed on the grene
Rycharde smote the fende with spores kene
And in the name of the holy goost
He dyspueth in to the hethen hoost
And as soone as he was come
Asonder he brake the sheltrone
And all that euer afoze hym stode
Hors and man to the grounde yode
Twenty fote on eyther syde
All that he overtoke that tyde
On lyue was there lefte none
Thozugh out he made his hors gone
As bees swarne out of hyues
The crysten men hym after dyspues
And cryed than flee downe ryght
Bothe sowdans kynges and knyght
Whan the kyng of fraunce wyte & his men
That the maystry had the crysten
They wexed bolde and good herte toke
Sedes bestrode and shaftes shoke
The kyng of fraunce with a spere
An hethen kyng gan downe bere

And other erles and baronnes
Noble men of grete renowne
Slewe the sarasynes downe ryght
Of englonde many a noble knyght
Wrought full well that daye
Of salisbury the longe spaye
To grounde he felde with his bondes
All tho that he befoze fonde
Acyte kynge Rycharde ever he was
And of multon syr Thomas
Fouke doly Roberte of leicester
In the worlde was not theyr better
Where that ony of them come
They spare nother swayne ne grome
That they ne felde alla downe
The sarasynes fledde in to the towne
For grete sorowe that they seen
The teres ranne out of theyr eyes
And swythe merrey they cryde
And soone they opened the gates wyde
And let them in at theyr wyll come
The crysten than the cyte nyng
Anone hastely therwithall
They let baners on the wall
The kynges armes of englonde
Whan Salandyu gan to vnderstonde
That the cyte yelded was
He gan to crye and sayd alas
The pryse of bethenes is done
And tho began to flee full soone
With hym many a baron and knyght
But kynge Rycharde that was wyght

Kynge R.



R.iii.

Whan he sawe the Sowdan flye
Abyde cowarde he sayd on hye
And I shall the preue false
And thy cursed goddes alle
Kynge Rycharde dryued after hym faste
The Sowdan was sore agaste
A grete wood before hym he sawe
Theder in a grete haste he flawe
Rycharde wente the wood nere
He douted of encombre
He myght not in for his tre
Sone he tourned his hourse eye
With that he mette a hethen kynge
His axe he drew out of his ryng
And he hytte hym on the creste
That his lyfe no lenger laste
Another he raught vpon the shelde
The heed flewe in to the felde
Syre he slewe of bethen kynges
To tell the sothe in all thynges
In his geste as I fynde
More than twenty thousande
Of enity stedes aboute yode
Up to the fote lakes in blode
All a straye aboute they yede
What man wolde myght ryde
That batayll lasted tyll it was nyght
But whan they had slayne downe ryght
The sarasynes that they myght take
Grete Joye the crysten dyde make
They kneeled and thanked god in heuen
And worshypped his names seven

On bothe sydes were folkes **I**flawe
But the nombze of the hethen lawe
That laye deed vpon the felde
To god they gan theyr soules yelde
There were slayne hondzedes thze
And of the sarasynes moze plente
An hondzed thousande and yet mo
Lo luche grace god sente tho
The crysten in to the cyte gone
Of golde & syluer & pzeuous stone
They founde **I**nowe without fayle
Mete and dzyne and other vytayle
On the morowe whan the kynge arose
His dedes were ryche and his lose
The sarasynes befoze hym come
And asked hym crystendome
There were crysted as **I** fynde
Moze than twenty thousande
Chyrches he let make of crystes lawe
And theyr maumettes all to draue
And tho that wolde not crysten become
They were slayne all and some
And departed that tresour
Amonge crysten with honour
Erle baron knyght and knaue
Had as moche as they wolde haue
Whan this was done **I** you saye
He let his colte banyshee awaye

How kynge Rycharde and the kynge of fraun
ce were wrothe togyder / and how **h**e kynge of frau
wente home to his londe.

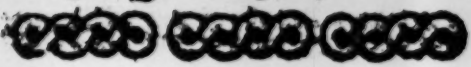
Kynge R.



R.iii.

There they dwelled fourtenyght
And afterwarde they them byght
Towarde Iherusalem they gan ryde
Kyng Phelyp spake a worde of pryde
Iherusalem that fayre cite
That is so fayre and so fre
Though thou it wyntre it shall be myn
By god sayd Rycharde a byfaynt mactyn
And as god do my foure hote
Of my wyntynge not halfe a fote
I ne shall gyve the no londe
I do the well to vnderstonde
If thou wylte it haue he sayd then
Go now forth & wyntre it with thy men
Myn offrynge quod Rycharde to it her
I wyll come Iherusalem no nere
And in an arblaste of wyse he bente
A flozyn towarde the cite he sente
And that was signyfauce
Ihesu cryste to honouraunce
For wrathe became seke the kyng of Fraunce
His leches he sente after without bystaunce
And they sayd neuer he shold be hote ven
But he in to fraunce returned agen
Than his counseyll vnderstode
And sayd it was trewe and good
Theyr chypes they byght more & lasse
And wente home at ahalowmasse
Kyng Rycharde gan to hym crye
And sayd he byde grete bylanye
To wende home for malady
Out of the londe of Sutory

Uyll done was goddes seruyse
For lyfe or deth in any wyse
The kynge of fraunce none other wolde do
But in that maner departed so
And after that departynge forsoke
Euer after they were mothe

How kynge Rycharde and his men made the
walles of a cyte whiche hyght chaters / and how
the duke of astryche departed from hym by caus
se of þe rebuke he gaue hym by cause he wolde not
doo as he dyde / and how kynge Rycharde wan
the castell of daron. 

Now herken of Rycharde the kynge
How he wrought with his gyng
Kynge Rycharde wente his host
To Jaffe without any boost
The kynges pauplyon good and fyne
They gan dyght with a gryffyne
Other lordes gan aboute sprede
Theyr pauplyons in fayre mede
Kynge Rycharde with his men all
Of the cyte let make the wall
That neuer was no faraspites
So stronge wrought with byches
That castell was stronge and ryche
In the worlde was none hym lyche
Theder myght come by the see
Of all maner goodes greteplente
He set euery warde with good knyghtes
Stoute in armes stronge in fyghtes

When myght wende the cyte aboute
Many myle without doute
Kynge Rycharde dwelled with honour
Tyll Tasse were made and the toure
From thens to chalens he wente
And founde the walles all to rente
Grete and fayre was the cyte
Kynge Rycharde therof had pyte
Kynge Rycharde besought the lordes all
Of that cyte to helpe to make the wall
And all the lordes euerychone
Graunted hym his askynge anone
Sawe the duke of esteryche
Kynge Rycharde thought to be quicke
Kynge Rycharde began to trauayle
Aboute the walles without fayle
So there dyde many an other
Fader and sone eme and brother
Made moter and layde stone
With theyr myght euerychone
Euery kynge and euery emperour
Stones bare and moztour
Sawe the duke that was full of pryde
He ne wolde them helpe at no tyde
Upon a daye kynge Rytharde hym mette
And hendly kynge Rycharde hym grette
He hadde the duke of his courtesye
To make of the wall his partye
And he answered in his maner
My fader was nother mason noz carpenter
And though your wall all to shake
I shall them neuer helpe to make

Kynge Rycharde was in grete erreure
Mache made hym to chaunge coloure
The duke with his fote he smote
Apenst the breste god it wote
That on a stone he ouerthrewe
It was mysdome by saynt Mache we
Fye on the deuylles thou foule coward
In hell be thou hanged harde
Go quykely out of this hoost
The curse haue thou of the holy goost
By the sydes of cryste Ihesus
Fynde I the traytour amonge vs
Ouer this same dayes thre
My selfe shall thy bane be
Traytour we trauayle daye & nyght
In ware and wake and in fyght
And thou lvest as foule gloton
And slepest in thy pauplyon
Thou dzynekst wyne good & stronge
And slepest all the daye longe
I shall take frome the thy baner
And caste it in to the ryuer
Home wente the duke full wrothe
His owne stryfe was hym lothe
Of that despyte he was vnblythe
He trussed his harneys as swythe
And sware by Ihesu in trynpte
Yf he myght euer his tyme se
He sholde of Rycharde hym so a wreke
That all the worlde therof shall speke
He helde hym all to well forwarde
In hell be he hanged harde

Thozugh his treason and his trechery
And tho,ugh the waytyng of a spye
He dyde kyng Rycharde grete shame
That tourned all englonde to grame
A lytell lenger and he moost
And had his lyfe by the holy goost
Of euery duke kyng and emperour
He had ben lord and conquerour
All crysten and eke paynym
Solde all holde of hym
The duke of estryche hved faste
Awayne with his meyne in haste
And with hym the duke of burgoyne
The folke of fraunce & the erle of coleyne
Kyng Rycharde let breke his baner
And caste it in to the ryuer
And cryed on hym with voyce stepe
Home shrewed cowarde and go slepe
Come no more in no wyse
Neuer este in goddes scruple
The duke of estryche prycked then
For wrathe his herte gan hven
Kyng Rycharde lefte with his englyshe
Tuscanes gascoynes lumbardes & was
Skottes Iryshe and folke of bytayne
Geneuops baskes and men of spayne
And made the walles daye and nyght
Tyll they were stronge pyght
Than kyng Rycharde with grete pyne
Had made the walles of chayne
All his hoost with hym he taas
And wente forth a grete paas

The fyrst nyght in the name of Marye
He laye at a towne that hyght famelye
On the morowe he let hym arme wele
Bothe in Iren and eke in stele
By the maryne forth he wente
To abbare a cyte full gente
That was a castell of sarasynes
Full of stones and of ryches
Bothe of fatte flesche and of lene
Whete otes pelyn and bene
Kynge Rycharde it wan & sojourned there
Nyne dayes all planere
And sente spyes by eche wayes
For to aspye the countreyes
Of castell daron kynge Rycharde herde
All togyder how it ferde
For it was full of sarasynes
That were goddes enemyes
Kynge Rycharde wente theder in haste
The sarasynes for to agaste
So he wente on his Journaye
He came theder by saynt James daye
They besyged the daron
To wynde the castell and the towne
The castell was made of suche stone
That it dredde assaute ryght none
About the walles was I dyght
They ne had neuer sene no syght
The sarasynes cryed in theyr langage
Crysten houndes of euyl rage
Here ye haue fet your dome
But ye the sooner tourne home

Whan kynge Rycharde herde that crye
He sware his othe by saynt Marye
The sarasynes sholde be hanged all
Or suche a case sholde befall
The crysten assayled & they defended
And many a quarell they sended
All that daye and all that nyght
They and the crysten kepte fyght
Kynge Rycharde sawe he myght not spede
Than he bethought hym of an other rede
Kynge Rycharde toke all his englyshe
And dyde repe russhes in a maryshe
To fyll withall the dyche of darowne
To wynde the castell and the towne
Twenty grete gynnes for the nones
Kynge Rycharde sente after to cast stones
By water they were brought anone
The matgryffon was that one
That was set upon an hyll
To breke the walles of the castyll
That other gynne hyght robynet
That on an other syde was set
Rycharde fet an other mangel
That caste towarde an other tourell
Kynge Rycharde dyde bynde the russhes faste
And in to the dyche dyde them caste
And all playne the dyche made
The sarasynes no warde they hade
Wylde fyre theron they caste
The russhes were on fyre in haste
And brenned ryght to the grounde
Soone within a lytell stounde

Of the crysten many an hondred
Therof gretly were awondred
The mangelles threwe alwayes
And brake the walles nyght and daye
The robynet and the matgryffowne
And that they hytte they caste downe
So within a lytell stounde
The nexte wall was caste to grounde
And fylled full the grete dyche
Este with rusches hastelyche
Tho myght our knyghtes well
Entre in to Daron castell
The erle of leycester syr Robert
The trustyest body of myddell erth
He was the fyrst without fayle
The castell daron to assaile
Up he lefte his banere
And smote on the destre
The sarasynes with mylalentoure
Fledde in to the hygh toure
That was bothe stronge and starke
All of the sarasynes warke
And many stode withoute
And fought faste without doute
Aynst the erle syr Robarde
They gaue many a dente harde
Many a helme there was weued
And many a bassenet all to cleued
Sheldes clouen fyll a two
And many a stede stycked also
Roberte turnam with his faucowne
Can there to cracke many a crowne

The longe spaye the erle of rychemonde
Slewe many an hethen hounde
All that theyr swerdes araught
It fell at the fyzt draught
There dyed many crysten men
But of hethen suche ten
Amonge them came kynge Rycharde
To fyght well he nothyng sparde
Many one in a lytell stounde
With his axe he layde to grounde
All on fote he gan to fyght
The sarasynes of hym had a syght
How plenteuous was his payment
None ne myght withstonde his dent
They wente quykly without fable
And slewe theyr stedes in the stable
The fayrest hors and stede
That euer bare knyght at nede
Fleshe whete floure and larder
All togyder they set on fyre
They had leuer to do so
Than with theyr vytayll to helpe theyr fo
By the brythe kynge Rycharde aspyde
He slewe downe ryght on euery syde
All that he myght ouertake
None amendes must they make
He began to assaile the hye toure
With wyght men of grete valoure
The sarasynes in the toure on hye
Saynge theyr endynge daye was nye
Wylde fyre soone in haste
Amonge the crysten it was caste

The wyldre fyre floure aboute so smarte
That many a crysten man it harte
They myght no lenger suffre that thraue
Anone they began them to withdraue
A myle frome daron castell
They caste abrode many a fyre barell
And soone after in a lytell space
Thowgh the helpe of goddes grace
The castell fell on fyre all
Fro the toure to the bittermost wall
The houses brente and the butrys
Grette smoke there arose Jwys
The sarasynes were almost attaynt
And in the smoke well nygh adraynt
Ten hondred there cryed at one worde,
O yette kynge Rycharde good lord
Let vs go out of this toure
And thou shalte haue a grete tresoure
With lyfe and lymbe let vs go
A thoulande we gyue the to
Nay quod Rycharde by Jhesu cryste
By his dethe and by his vpryste
Ye shall neuer downe come
Tyll payed be that raunsome
And yet thereafter be at my wyll
Whether I wyll you saue or spyll
Or ye shall ryght there sterue
A lord they sayd we shall the serue
At thy wyll we wyll vs do
With that we must come the to
To henge or draue byenne or sle
Our fredome lord is in the

Kynge R.



D. 4

Kynge Rycharde graunted them than
And commaunded the crysten man
That the sarasynes be kepte with sorowe
For to the sonne aryle on the morowe
It was done as I in booke fynde
Kynge Rycharde let them faste bynde
Upon a playne befoze the wall
Kynge Rycharde let them lede all
And he that payed a thousande pounde
For his heed he myght passe sounde
He that wolde so moche gyue
To a certayne daye he let hym lyue
And he that payed no raunslowne
As quicke his heed was synpten downe
Thus kynge Rycharde wan daron
God gyue vs all his benyson
And his soule reste and ro
And ours whan it cometh therto

How kynge Rycharde smote downe an
ymage of marble / and how he slewe fyue
sarasynes that were within þe sayd ymage
and of many other maters.

After the Wynnynge of Darowne
The kynge wente to an other towne
To gattrys with a fayze meyne
For to besyge that cyte
Now herken how he it wan
And ye shall here of a doughty man
A stoute warryour and a quepnte
That neuer was founde in herte feynte

He that was lord of Catrys
Had ben a man of pryys
And fell to fyght ayenst his fo
That same tyme it was not so
For he was so fallen in elde
That he myght none armes welde
Bus as he dyde after queyntyse
Herken now in whiche wyse
Amyddes the towne vpon a stage
He let make a marble ymage
I crowned stoutly as a kynge
And badde his folke olde and yunge
That they sholde neuer ben a knowe
To crysten men hygh ne lowe
That they had no lordynge of dygnyte
But that ymage in that cyte
Kynge Rycharde the warrour kene
There assaute he began by dene
Spryngelles and mangelles he bente
And stones to the cyte sente
The sarasynes mercy cryde
They wolde caste pb the gates wyde
If it were kynge Rychardes wyll
That he wolde not the people spyll
And he graunted without les
They had entre all in peas
Kynge Rycharde asked at the fyrst worde
Of the cyte where was the lord
They answered Rycharde the kynge
That they ne had no lordynge
But the ymage of marble fyne
And mahowne and theyr god appolyne

Kynge R.



D. U.

Kynge Rycharde stode so sayth the boke
And on the ymage he gan for to loke
How he wge he was wrought and sterne
And sayd to them all yerne
O sarasynes without fayle
Of your lord I haue meruayle
If I may thozugh helpe of my lord god
That bought vs all with his blode
With a shafte smyte his necke asonder
And ye shall se that wonder
Wyll ye byleue all vpon my lord
Ye than they sayd all at one worde
Than kynge Rycharde let hym dyght a shafte.
Of a trusty tree and of kynde crafte
And for it sholde ben stronge and laste
He let bynde therto well faste
End longe foure yerdes of yre
And syth Rycharde the grete syre
Let set thereon a crownall kene
Whan it was redy on to sene
Fauell of Cypres was forth fet
And in the sadell he hym set
And rode his course to the stage
And in the face smote the ymage
The hred tho flowe the body asonder
And slewe fyue sarasynes there vnder
The sarasynes sayd than
He was a deuyll and no man
And all became crysten thoz
ponge and olde lesse and moze
And hastely without lesynge
Theyr olde lord they gan forth bynge

And tolde all his compasement
Kynge Rycharde lough with good entent
And gaue hym the cyte to welde
Though he leued adamas helde
To chalyns he wente agayne
Forth by the maryne soth to sayne
There he solourned seuen nyght
With many a doughty knyght
They pyght pauplyons fayre and well
For to besyege a stronge castell
That was a myle besyde lym
Thre myle frome castell pylgrem
With thycke walles & tourelles of pyrde
The castell was cleped lefryde
The sarasynes sawe the kynge was come,
For drede they wende to ben I nome
Theyr hertes were full of wo
All by nyght awayne they flo
The gate they vnshette full yerne
And flowe awayne by a posterne
For all this myddell erth
They ne durst abyde kynge Rycharde
This noble castell berament
Kynge Rycharde wan without dent
Fro thens he wente to gebolyn
That hospytals had dwelled therin
And templers bothe in fere
And kepte the cyte many a yere
Whan Bawdewyn was slayne with bronde
Salandyn toke the towne in honde
In that cyte was saynt Anne I boze
That our lady was of I boze

Kynge R.



D.iii.

They pyght the kynges pauplyowes
With force within the townes
And slewe the sarasynes all and same
That wolde not leue on crystes name
There came the fyrst wycked tydyng
To cure delyon Rycharde our kyng
Of englonde his brother Johñ
That was the fendes flesshe and bone
Thozugh helpe of the barones sone
The chaunceler had I nome
And wolde be with maystry of honde
Crowned kyng of englonde
At estertyde there afterwarde
Than answered kyng Rycharde
What beuyll he sayd how is this
Tellet Johñ no more prys
He weneth that I lyue to longe
Therfore he wyll do me wronge
And yf he knewe I were on lyue
He wolde not with me stryue
I shall me so of hym awreke
That all the worlde therof shall speke
If Johñ hym crowne that ester tyde
Where wyll he me than abyde
There is no kyng in crystente
Certes that shall his waraunt be
I ne may byleue for no nede
That my brother wyll do this dede
Yes certes sayd the messengere
He wyll so do by saynt rythere
Kyng Rycharde all this tydyng
Helde in herte but lesyng

Fro gebolyne forth he wente
To betanye a casteil gente
And slewe theyr many an hethen man
And that noble cyte he wan
There come other messengers
That tolde Rycharde stoute and fyers
That Johſi his brother wolde bere
Crowne at ester he gan to swere
The kynge was lothe to withdraue his honde
Tyll he had I wonne the holy londc
And slewe the sowdan with dente of swoorde
And auenged Ihesu our lorde
And he bethought hym after then
He wolde leue there his men
And with a preuy meyne
Into englonde wolde he
And apease that warre anone
Bytwene hym and his brother Johſi
And came agayne in hyenge
For to fulfyll his begynnynge
And also he thought in his herte
A stoute sarasyn gan in sterte
That ought kynge Rycharde raunson
For the wynnynge of daron
He spake to Rycharde apartylyche
Amonge his people that were ryche
Syr kynge thou shalte me quyte skere
And all thyn other hostagere
Thorough thy queyntise and thy gyn
I shall the do grete tresour wyn
More than an hondred chousande pounde
Florence of golde hole and sounde

Kynge R.



D.iii.

Of the sarasynes tresore
And moche moze other stoze
Therto I laye to hostage my lyfe
And my chyldren and my wyfe
But I do the wyne that praye
On an euill dethe must I daye
Kynge Rycharde sayd thou mystruaunt
So as thou byleuest on termagaunt
Tell me now what folke there is
I byleue it is full fayntyle I wys
That ledeth so tresour without fayles
Syr there ben fyue hondred canyales
And fyue thousande there ben & mo
Asses and grete mules also
That ledeth golde to Salandyn
Of grete tresour and of fyne
Of whete and of spycerye
Of sylke and sendell grete plentye
Rycharde sayd so god me denie
Is there moche folke that to yeme
Ye syr he sayd there ben before
Knyghtes rydyngge sixty score
And after cometh suche ten
Of doughty hethen men
I herde them speke in theyr rounyng
They were aferde of the englyshe kynge
Kynge Rycharde sayd that they sholde fynde
Though there were twenty thousande
I wolde them mete euerychone
Though I were my selfe alone
Without helpe of ony man
I wolde them slee or quicke tan

Do save me anone ryght
Where shall I fynde them to nyght
Here belyde myles ten
Thou myght fynde the hethen men
There they wyll reste and abyde
Tyll moze folke come ryde
Hors and harneys he cryed anone
Cure delyon now is tyme to gone
Befoze wente his templers
His gascopys and his hospytals
Hors and men were cryed in hyenge
And wente forth with Rycharde our kynge
Than sayd the longe spaye vnto the kynge
Syr make here thy dwellynge
They ben lodged in the towne
I wyll go and aspye theyr rowne
And brewe them a drynke with wo
Now I wyll to them go
And tell them that kynge Rycharde
Is faste in to englonde warde
They wyll me leue with the best
And they wyll than go to theyr rest
And than syr may ye wende
And take them all slepende
Iye a deuyll sayd the kynge
God gyue the euyl endynge
I am no traytour take good kepe
To sle men whan they slepe
By clere daye vpon the felde
Thou shalte se speres and sheldes
Be it erles barons oz kynges
All they shall haue theyr endynges

Kynge R.



P. 1.

The sarasynne our kynge Rycharde answereth
There is no man in the myddell erth
Duke baron ne knyght
Is none so hardy ne so wyght
Ne none so moche of renoune
Well mayst þu be hyght Rycharde cure delyon
Therfore I wyll not it forhele
There ben of sarasynes twyes so fele
As thou hast folke in this countre
Sertaynly I warne the
Rycharde sayd god gyne me shame
Therfore and my herte be lame
For one of my crysten men
Is worth of sarasynes nyne or ten
The more there ben the more shall we flo
And awake Ihesu cryste of his fo
Forth wente there a spye after then
And aspyed the hethen men
He aspyed theyr compassynge
And tolde it Rycharde our kynge
He cryed hors and harneys thare
And dyght them and made them yare
Anone lepte the kynge Rycharde
On his stede that hyght lyarde
His englysshe and his templers
They lepte anone on theyr desters
And wente in to the hethen hoost
In the name of the holy goost
All the sarasynes with one noblaye
To the lowdan wolde theyr waye
Kynge Rycharde smote them amonge
There began a blyssfull songe

But to term agaunt and to mahowne
They cryed helpe to syr plutowne
Kynge Rycharde gan downe bere
Them thozugh the herte with a spere
And so he serued an admyrable
And fyue dukes without fayle
Afterwarde his axe he drew
Many an hethen man he slewe
Some he cloue vnto the sadell ryght
And slewe bothe wayne and knyght
A kynge he cloue vnto the arlowne
There halpe hym nought mahowne
An erle he smote on the yren hode
That at the breste the axe withstode
There was full many a sarasyn
That he sente to hell pyne
They destroyed many a stede
So swyftely they gan spede
His templers and his hospytals
Came there on fayre desters
So longe they fought sayth the stozye
That they had the byctozye
Thozugh helpe of his crysten knyghtes
Styffe in armes stronge in fyghtes
And as many he slewe alone
As they dyde euerychone
And many escaped with dethes wounde
That lyued after but a stounde
They wolde hym no more mete
Rycharde by the waye ne by strete
Now may ye here of the wyynyng
That wanne Rycharde our kynge
Kynge R.



Hoꝛs of pryce and many a camayle
Fyue thousande & fyue hondred saunce fayle
Syxe hondred hoꝛs of grete courlers
All charged with ryche tresers
That were in cofers faste I bounde
With fyne syluer and golde full rounde
Mules he had thze thousande and mo
That pannes and spyces bare tho
And fyue hondred of alle
Bare wyne and oyle moze & lasse
And also many of whete rede
There Rycharde dyde a noble dede
Whan he all that tresour wan
He wente home to his man
Into betanye that cyte noble
With that tresour and with that moble
He gaue to hygh and to lowe
Of his purches good ynowe
He gaue them stedes and courlers
So Rycharde parted his purches in fyers
Hym betyddde a well fayre case
Of all crystendome loꝛde he was
Soone after in a lytell stounde
There came two messengers of mounde
The bysshop of chester was that one
That other the abbot of saynt albone
And brought letters specyell
I sealed with the barons seell
They hym tolde that kynge Johñ
Wolde do hym the crowne vpon
At eester by the corryn dome
But ye the rather come home

For the kynge of fraunce with enuye
Was rylen in nozmandye
Than sayd Rycharde by goddes payne
The deuyll hath now to moche mayne
For all theyr boost and theyr deraye
Yet they shall bowe some daye
There they dwelled tyll halowmasse
And than he gan to Jasse passe
For seuen yere and for more
He gan the castell to astoze
I yue thousande I fynde in boke
He let there that castell loke
For to kepe well that londe
Out of Salandynes honde
Tyll that come agayne he myght
Frome englonde god it dyght
And than he thought to Acrys warde
That doughty body kynge Rycharde
Of Salandyn now begyn I geste
That maketh noyle and grete heste
Wrothe he was and full soze amoued
For his tresour was thus robbed
And for his men were thus I slayne
Therfore was hym nothyng fayne
And sayd he wolde awreked be
Whan he myght his tyme se
So that tyme came a spye in
And tolde thus to Salandyn
A lozde be now blythe of mode
I the byrnye tydynges gode
To thy herte a blythe presente
Kynge Rycharde is to Acrys wente

Kynge R.



P.iii.

For ouer he Wyll to englonde
Hym is I come suche a sonde
That Ihoñ his brother I the were
Wyll his crowne bere
Jasse he hath stozed a ryght
With many a baron & hardy knyght
I yftene thousande I wote well
That shall kepe the towne & the castell
If he may so well spede
Tyll he come frome his stede
Salandyn was ofte in wele and wo
But neuer so mery as he was tho
The spy he gaue an hondred besauntes
That the tydynges brought to presauntes
And a ryght fayre destrete
And robe furred with blaundemere
Than wolde he no lenger abyde
He sente aboute on euery syde
Upon lymbe and vpon lyfe
Upon chylzen and vpon wyfe
That they come to hym belyue
To helpe hym out of londe dzyue
Kynge Rycharde and his tayle
To hym came an admyrable
Many a duke and many a kynge
And many an other grete lordynge
Of egypte and of arabye
Of capadose and of barbarye
Of cyre and of ascloimoyne
Of ynde and of babyloyn
Of grete grece and tyre also
Of many empyres & kyngdomes to

Of all the hethen kynges that I fynde
Frome the grekes see vnto ynde
Charles the kyng ne Alysaunder
Of whome was made moche sclaunder
He had neuer halfe the hoost
As in the countre laye in coost
Fyue myle it laye in brede
And moze I wene so god me rede
And twenty it was of length
This was an hoost of grete strength
There men myght se grete wonder
Of people that were without nombze
Iasse they haue aboute I set
Many a crysten man to let
There were in a lytell thraue
On bothe parryes moche folke I slawe
So stoute and harde was the batayle
That it fared without fayle
As it had ben from heuen lyght
So clere it was of swerdes byght
The crysten men well fought
To flee the sarasynes they had in thought
They fared as of the erth they spronge
So many there were of olde and ronge
That no slaughter of swerdes kene
In that batayll myght ben sene
Tho the crysten fledde in to the castell
And kepthe the gates swythe well
The sarasynes the cyte nome
To theyr well and to theyr dome
Than began many a sarasyne
The castell wall to vndermyne

Kyng R.



P. lili.

And the crysten for the nones
To frusche them bothe body and bones
The sarasynes yode aboute the wall
And shotte in ouer all
And our men to them as swythe
Many of them they made vnbythe
They sought where they myght best
Greue the crysten men mest
At the laste a gate they fonde
Not faste shotte in they sonde
There they founde a stronge metynge
Of launces and swerdes caruyng
To grounde they layde a thousande men
Of ours there were slayne but ten
Thoughe they were neuer so stoute
At the gate they put them oute
That daye myght they not spede
The sarasynes for no nede
A knyght by the mone clere
The crysten sente a messengere
To kynge Rycharde to Acrys cyte
And badde hym for goddes pyte
That he sholde to helpe come
And elles they were all I nome
They tolde hym all the harde cas
Of the sowdan how it was
And but ye come to them anone
They ben but dede euerychone
Rycharde answered tho a plyght
Full well knowe I the sowdans fyght
He wyll make but a deraye
At the walles and go his waye

I wyll not for hym to them wende
But soone I wyll them socour sende
He cleped to hym his neuewe
A baron of grete vertewe
That hyght Harry of champayne
And bad hym wende to Jasse playne
And sayd take with the this hoost
And abbate the sowdans boost
Hors and harneys he gan crye
Amonge the hoost they holde hye
And with syr Harry for to wende
And Jasse helpe to defende
Ayenst the cursed Salandryne
And awreke you of the saraspyne
On the morowe wente syr Harry
And many a good knyght hardy
Gascynes Spanyardes and lumbarde
For the byddynge of kynge Rycharde
They wente forth by the maryne
Tyll they came to palastryne
The sarasynes hoost there they sene
All the countre full I wene
Of theyr comynge the sawdan herde
Swythe towarde them he ferde
Whan duke Harry this wylste
He fledde agayne by Jhesu cryste
And he made no tarynge
Tyll he came to Rycharde our kynge
And sayd he neuer sawe ne herde
In all this wyde myddellerde
Not halfe dele the people of men
That Salandyn hath by downe & den

No tonge he sayd may them tell
I wene they come out of hell
Than answered kynge Rycharde
I ye a deuylles thou foule coward
He shall I neuer by god aboue
Truste to frensche mannes loue
The crysten men that in Jasse beth
They may wyte the of theyr deth
Thorough thy defaude I am a dradde
My good barons ben bestadde
Now for the loue of saynt Marye
Swythe shewe me my galye
All tho that euer loue me
To shyppe nowe for charyte
All that euer wepen bere myght
To shyppe the wente anone ryght
And hyed them to Jasse warde
With the doughty kynge Rycharde
Herken now how my tale goth
Though I swere to you none othe
I wyl you rede romayns none
Of pertenope ne of yponydone
Ne of Alysaunder ne of Charlemayne
Ne of Arthur ne of Gawayne
Ne of Launcelot de lake
Ne of Beuys ne Guy of Sydrake
Ne of Ury ne of Octaupan
Ne of Hector the stronge man
Ne of Jason neyther of Hercules
Ne of Eneas neyther of Achylles
They ne manne neuer parmafaye
In theyr tyme by theyr daye

And anone of them so doughty dede
Be so stronge batayll ne of felowzede
As dyde kynge Rycharde without fayle
At Jasse at that stronge batayle
With his axe and his swerde
Alloye his soule Jhesu lorde
It was befoze mydnyght
Mone and sterre shone well brygh
Rycharde was to Jasse come
With his galayes all and some
And herkened towarde the castell
If he myght here taboure or flagell
And he nought coude aspye
By voyce ne by mynstrellye
What quykke man in the castell was
Tho became his herte full of care
Well soze than wepte kynge Rycharde
Wronge his hondes and tare his barde
A Jhesu now thy locour
To longe I haue made soiour
Now slayne is Roberte moztemere
That was erle of leycestere
Euery here of hym was worth a knyght
And Roberte turnam that was so wyght
And syr Brandys and syr Pyttarde
That in batayll was wyle and harde
And all my good barons
The best of all my regyons
They ben slayne and all to toze
How myght I lenger lyue therfoze
I myght haue saued all myne
If I had comen betyme

Certes I shall neuer be blythe man
Tyll I be awreked on the sowdan
Thus syghed kynge Rycharde aye
Tyll it came ayeust the daye
A wayte there stode at a cornell
And pyped a note with a flagell
He ne pyped but one sythe
Many an herte he made blythe
He loked downe and sawe galyes
Kynge Rycharde and his nauyes
Shyppe and sayle well he knewe
A mery note than he blewe
And cryed seygnyours oꝝ sus sus
Kynge Rycharde is come amonge vs
Whan the crysten herde this
Theyr hertes became lyght I wys
Erles barons squyers and knyght
To the walles ranne ryght
And sawe kynge Rycharde theyr loꝝde
And welcomed hym with blythe worde
And sayd loꝝde welcome in goddes name
All our sorowe is tourned to game
Rycharde had neuer in herte I wys
Halfe dele so moche blys
Hors and harneys he cryed thare
Ayeust the sarasynes foꝝ to fare
We ne haue lyfe but one
Sell we it dere bothe flesche & bone
Foꝝ to chalenge our herytage
Slee we the sarasynes on euyl rage
Who so hym douteth foꝝ nienace
Ne se he neuer in goddes face

Take me myn axe in myn honde
It was made in englonde
No moze theyr armure I ne doute
Than it were a pylche cloute
The sothe to save men shall se
Thozugh goddes helpe in trynpte
He was the fyrst that on londe dyde lepe
Of a dosyn he made an hepe
He gan to crye with voyce clere
Where ben these hethen pantenere
That haue the cyte of Jasse I nome
With my pollaxe I am come
For to waraunt that I haue do
Wallayll he sayd I dzyneke you to
He layde on I save you a plyght
And slewe the sarasynes downe ryght
The sarasynes fledde and wente mate
Full faste out at the castell gate
In herte they were full of sorowe
That them thought the gate to narowe
And ranne to the walles of the towne
By euery syde they lepte downe
And eueryche cryed in this manere
Herken now and ye shall here
Malkan steran nayre arbzu
Loyze fermoyze touz memozu
That is for to save in englyshe
The englyshe deuyll I come is
And but we flee out of his waye
An euyl deth shall we dye to daye
They fledde out of the towne anone
Therin abode not so moche as one

But foure hondred or fyue
They were soone brought out of lyue
They lepte on theyr destreers
And at the gate set porters
Kynge Rycharde lepte on fauell
Well armed in yren and in stele
And rode hym out at the gate
The kynge of egypte he mette therate
With syxty thousande of sarasynes fers
With armes bryght and brode baners
Rycharde a duke on the helme hytte
Downe to the grounde he hym slytte
Another he smote on the yren hode
That at his breste his swerde stode
His templers and his barons
Fared ryght lyke wood Lyons
And slewe the sarasynes swythe
As grasse falleth befoze the sythe
The sarasynes sawe no better wone
But fledde awaye euerychone
To Salandynes grete hoost
That fyftene myle laye in coost
Syxty thousande as I you saye
The sowdan loste that same daye
For theyr armure fared as ware
Aynst kynge Rychardes are
Many a sarasyn & hygh lordynge
Yelded them to Rycharde our kynge
Rycharde put them in hostage tho
There were a thousande prysoners & mo
The chase lasted swythe longe
Tyll the tyme of euensonge

Rycharde rode after tyll it was nyght
So many of them to deth he dyght
That no nombze it may accounte
How many of them it wolde amounte
Rycharde lefte without the towne
And pyght there his pauplyowne
And that nyght with mylde herte
He comforted his barons smarte
And ye shall here on the morowe
How there was a daye of sorowe
For the gretest batayll I vnderstonde
That neuer was in ony londe
And ye that this batayll wyll lere
Herken now and ye shall here
As kynge Rycharde sate at his soupere
And gladded his barons with mylde chere
And comforted them with ale and wyne
Two messengers came frome Salandyn
And stode kynge Rycharde befoze
With longe berdes and with hoze
Of two mules they were a lyght
In golde and sylke they were I dyght
Eyther helde other by the honde
And sayd kynge Rycharde now vnderstonde
Our lord Salandyn the hygh kynge
Hath the sente this askynge
If that thou were so hardy a knyght
That thou durste hym abyde in fyght
Tyll to morowe that it daye ware
Of blysse thou sholde ben all bare
For thy lyfe and for thy barons
He wyll not gyue two skalons

He wyll the take with strength of hondes
For he hath folke of many londes
Egyens and of turkpe
Of mozyens and of arabye
Basyles and embolpens
Well eger knyghtes of defens
Egyppcyens and of surrye
Of ynde mozoꝝ and of capadocye
Of medes and of asclamoyne
Of samarye and of babyloyne
Two hondred knyghtes without fayle
Fyue hondred of amarayle
The grounde ne may them bnneth bere
The tolke that cometh the to dere
By our rede do ryght well
And tourne agayne to Jasse castell
In safe warde thou myght there be
Tyll thou haue sente after thy meyne
And yf thou se thou may not stonde
Tourne agayne to thyn owne londe
In anger Rycharde toke bp a lose
And in his hondes it all to rose
And sayd to that sarasyne
God gyue the well euyll pyne
And Salandyn your loꝝde
The deuyll hym hange with a corde
For your counseyll and your tydyng
God gyue you well euyll endyng
Now go and saye to Salandyn
In despyte of his god appolyn
I wyll abyde hym betyme
Though he come to moꝝowe oꝝ pꝝyme

And though I were but my selfe alone
I wolde abyde them euerychone
And yf the dogge wyll come to me
My bollaxe shall his bane be
And saye that I hym desyre
And all his cursed company in fere
Go now and saye to hym thus
The curse haue he of swete Ihesus
The messengers wente to Salandyn
And all the begynnynge tolde hym
Salandyn meruayled than
And sayd it was none erthly man
He is a deuyl or a saynt
His myght founde I neuer faynt
None he made his ordeynynge
For to take Rycharde the kynge
Therof Rycharde toke no kepe
But all nyght laye and slepe
Tyll ayenst the dawninge
Than herde he a chyll cryenge
Thozugh goddes grace an aungell of heuen
Tho sayd to hym with mylde steuen
Arise and lepe on thy good stede fauell
And tourne agayne to Jasse castell
Thou haste slepte longe I nough
Thou shalte fynde harde and tough
Or thou come to that cyte
Thou shalte be wrapped & thy meyne
After the batayll without leas
With the sowdan thou make thy peas
Take trues and let thy baronage
Unto the flome do theyr vyage

Kynge R.



Q. i.

To Nazareth and to Bedlem
To Caluarie and to Iherusalem
And let them wende after then
And come thou after with thy schyppmen
For enemyes thou haste I vnderstonde
There in thyne owne londe
Up sayd the aungell & well the spede
Thou ne haddest neuer moze nede
Rycharde arole as he wolde wede
And lepte on fauell his good stede
And sayd lordynges oꝝ sus oꝝ sus
Thus hath vs warned swete Ihesus
On armes he let crye thare
Apynst the sarasynes for to fare
But Salandyn and his tem
Was bytwene Jaffe and them
That was to Rycharde moche payne
That he ne myght his hoost oꝝ dayne
Before he prycked on fauell
His spere dyde byte full well
Therwith he slewe without doute
Thre kynges of the lowdans route
His hors was styffe hymselfe was good
Hors ne man hym nought withstood
For to hewe many an hethen coꝝ
He dyde his nyght and his hors
He that had seen his countenaunce
Wolde hym haue had in remembraunce
They gan on hym as faste dꝝyue
As bees done from the hony hyue
Whome that he hytte with his sworde
Neuer after ne spake he worde

The englyſſhe and frenſſhe gan after ryde
To fyght they were freſſhe that tyde
Upon the ſarasyneſ faſte they donge
With ſwerdes and with launces ſtronge
And ſmote harde with theyr myght
And ſlew the ſarasyneſ downe ryght
And there was full lytell kepe
So many of them were layde on ſlepe
That no ſlaughter without fayle
Ne myght ben ſeen in that batayle
A myre there was without Jaffe
A myle longe without laſſe
Maugre them kynge Rycharde that ſyre
Thre thouſande droue in to the myre
The foule curſed hethen men
Lye and bathe them in the fen
And tho that wolde come vp
Dranke of Rychardeſ owne cup
What adzeynt and what J ſawe
The ſowdan loſt of the hethen lawe
Syxty thouſande in a lytell ſtounde
In the frenſſhe it is J founde
Tho kynge Rycharde wente ayen
To recomforte hym with hiſ men
Now he was here now he was there
To helpe them with hiſ powere
Ne ſawe men neuer as J you tell
One man ſo many to grounde fell
And in the moost peryll of the batayle
Kynge Rycharde ſawe without fayle
Hiſ eem ſyr Harry of champayne
Felde downe of hiſ hoꝝ in the playne

Kynge R.



Q. II.

The sarasynes had hym vnder honde
To slee hym faste they gan fonde
It had ben his daye laste
Had not Rycharde comen in haste
Rycharde cryed with an hye voyse
A helpe god and the holy croyse
Myn eem to daye fro shame thou chylde
Frome deth of these dogges wylde
Lor dynges he sayd laye on
Ne let these dogges escape non
I my selfe shall proue to smyte
If my pollaxe wyll ought byte
Tho men myght se with mayne
How he shedde blode and bzaïne
Upon the place that grene was
Many a soule wente to sathanas
The templers came to socoure
There began an harde shoure
They layde on as they were wode
The valeys ranne all on blode
The longe spaye was a doughty knyght
As he were wode he gan to fyght
The kynge of mactok he mette in the felde
With a spere he smote hym in the shelde
That he tombled without fayle
Toppe sayle ouer his hors taylor
That on his heed he lyght
And brake his necke I you plyght
The erle of leicester syr Robarde
The erle of rychemonde & kynge Rycharde
There as these thre knyghtes rode
That daye was the waye all brode

That foure carters myght mete
So many of them there lost the swete
On bothe partyes was many a body
Slayne that was full hardy
At the laste with grete payne
They wanne the erle of champayne
And brought hym vpon his stede
That wythe good was at nede
And bad he holde by hym ryde
Byght by his owne syde
With that came a messenger reke
With kynge Rycharde for to speke
And sayd syr for charyte
Tourne agayne to Jasse cyte
Couered is bothe mount and playne
Kynge Alysaunders ne Charlemayne
He had neuer halfe the route
As is the cyte now aboute
Ye may in to the cyte ryde
In felde what happe so euer betyde
And I you warne without fayle
That moche is payred of your batayle
The patryrke I taken is
And John neuell I slayne I wys
Wylliam of Arasyn and Gerarde
And bartram the braundys the good lumbarde
All these ben slayne and many mo
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym tho
And began to crye tourne arere
Euery man with his banere
And of sarasynes thousandes many one
To hym gadered euerychone

Kynge R.



D. iii.

And slewe fauell vnder hym
Tho was Rycharde wroth & grym
His are from the arson he dreme
The sarasynes therwith he slewe
That had stycked vnder hym his stede
Therfoze they lost theyr hedes to mede
On fote he was and on fote he layed
Many an hondred vnder hym dayed
All that his are take myght
Downe he slewe anone ryght
What befoze and what behynde
A thousande sarasynes in boke I fynde
He slewe whan he was on fote
That came there neuer none to bote
Salandynes two sones came ryde
And ten thousande sarasynes by theyr syde
And began to crye to kynge Rycharde
Yelde the traytour thou foule cowardde
Oz we shall the flee in this place
Thou lyest quod Rycharde by goddes grace
And with his are he smote hym so
That his myddell he carued in two
There halfe the body fell downe
And that other halfe abode in the arlowne
Of the sayd Rycharde I am syker
His broder came to that byker
Upon a stede with grete raundowne
As though the worlde sholde fall downe
And gaue Rycharde a wounde thozugh the arnie
That dyde Rycharde moche harme
For on the spere heed was benym
And Rycharde stoutely smote to hym

That hoz and man he felde to grounde
Lye there quod Rycharde hethen hounde
Re shalte thou neuer tell Salandyne
That thou dydest me my lyfe to cyne
Than fyue dukes of hethenelle
Came with theyr hoost moze and lesse
And beset aboute Rycharde our kynge
And thought all to deth hym bynge
But Rycharde within a lytell thraue
The fyue dukes he hath I slawe
And many an hondzed after then
All swythe doughty hethen men
At the last though it were late
Rycharde wanne to Jasse gate
Tho were our crysten well syker
That they sholde wynne that byker
The erle of leycester syr Robarde
Brought hym his stede lyarde
Kynge Rycharde in the sadell dyde lepe
Tho fledde the sarasynes ryght as chepe
Rycharde rode after tyll it was nyght
And slewe all that he take myght
There was slayne in playne and den
Ten hondzed thousande hethen men
Tho myght Rycharde without leas
Wende to the cyte of Jasse in peas
Tho he thanked the kynge of gloze
And Marye of that byctoze
For syth the worlde was begonne
A fayrer batayle was neuer wonne
On the morowe he sente syr Sabeuple
And syr Roberte of waturuple

Huberte and Roberte of turnam
Canter offozte and Johū the saynt Johū
That hyynselfe and tyue of his men
Wolde tyght ayenst fyue hondzed & ten
In wylde felde they wolde fyght
And gouerne theyr goodes tyght
And yf they wynnne thus that londe
Euer in to crysten mennes honde
If the sarasynes myght them fle
The londe sholde euer theyr owne be
And yf they wyll not theyr owne sayes
Saye that thre yere and thre dayes
I aske termes of the sowden
To wende to my londe and come ayen
The messengers forth gan wende
And tolde the tale worde and ende
And the sowdan wolde graunte the batayle
Fyue hondzed ayenst Rycharde saunce fayle
On the morowe yf he wolde come
The trues sholde ben I nome
And thus tolde the messengers
To kynge Rycharde that was so fers
The nexte daye the sowdan made forwarde
Trues to take with kynge Rycharde
Thozugh all the londe to the flome
To Acrys that wolde come
All the same thre yere
Crysten men ferre ne nere
Myght go to Iherusalem
To the sepulture and to bedlem
To olyuete and to nazarell
To Jasse and to mayden castell

And to all other pylgrymages
Without harmcoz domages

How kynge Rycharde was slayne
befoze the castell gaylarde/ and how
the castell was wonne/ and all were
slayne that were therin.

Thus kynge Rycharde y doughty man
Was made with the sowdan
And syth he came I vnderstonde
The waye towarde englonde
And thozugh treason was shotte alas
At castell gaylarde there he was
The duke of estryche in the castell
With his hoost was dyght full well
Rycharde thought there to abyde
The weder was hote in sonier tyde
At gaylarde vnder the castell
He wende he myght haue keled hym well
His helme he abbated thare
And made his bysage all bare
A spye there was in the castell
That espyed Rycharde ryght well
And toke an arblaste I wythe stronge
And a quarell that was well longe
And smote kynge Rycharde in tene
In the heed without wene
Rycharde let his helme downe fall
And badde his men dyght them all
And swoze by the see and the sonne
Tyll the castell were I wonne

He sholde neyther mete ne drynke
Neuer in to his body synke
He set vp robynet that tyde
Upon the castelles syde
And on that other halfe the one
He set vp the matgryffone
To the castell he threwe stones
And brake the walles for the nones
And so within a lytell tyde
In to the castell they gan ryde
And slewe befoze and behynde
All tho that they myght ayenst them fynde
And euer was the quarell by the lede
Stycked styll in Rychardes hede
And whan it was drawen out
He dyed soone without doute
And he comaunded in all thyng
To his fader men sholde hym brynge
That they ne let for neshhe ne harde
Tyll he were at the font euerarde
At font euerarde wytterly
His bones lye his fader by
Kynge Harry forsothe he hyght
All englonde he helde to ryght
Kynge Rycharde was a conquerour
God gyue his soule moche honour
No more of hym in englysshe is wrought
But Ihesu that vs dere bought
Graunte his soule rest and ro
And ours whan it cometh therto
And that it may so be
Saye all amen for charpte

Thus endeth the story of the noble kynge Ry-
charde cuer de lyon. Enprynted at London in s
fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn
de Worde prynter vnto the moost excellent pryn-
celle my lady the kynges moder. In the yere of
our lord god. M. CCCC. ix.



John Randle our first Look

gromby

gromby

